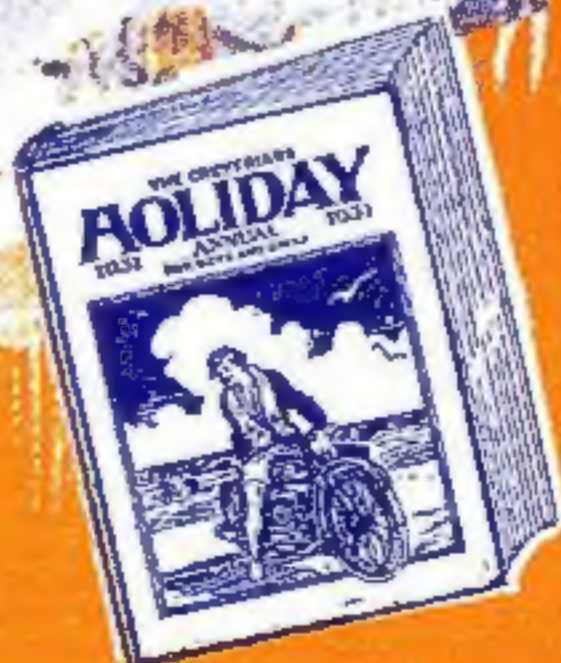


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## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

## Chinese Pirates!

"PIP-PIP-PIP—"

Billy Bunter stuttered. His fat face, which had been glowing red in the blazing sunshine of the China Sea, had suddenly become pale.

"Pip-pip-pirates!" Bunter got it out. "D-d-did you say pip-pip-pirates?"

Bob Cherry chuckled. "I said pirates—not pip-pip-pirates!" he answered. "Jolly old Chinese pirates, old fat bean! Get ready to walk the plank!"

"Oh lor!"

A minute ago Billy Bunter's thoughts had been concentrated on lunch. He had been wondering whether all the clocks, chronometers, and watches on board the yacht Silver Star were not slow. He felt an inward premonition that it was lunch-time.

Now he forgot lunch!

Harry Wharton & Co., standing by the rail, were staring across the shining waters. Ahead of the gliding yacht were two Chinese junks—one to port and one to starboard.

Clumsy-looking craft as they were to European eyes, they sailed well. They were gliding down before the wind towards the Silver Star.

Distant as they were as yet, it could be seen that they were crowded with men.

They were two-masted junks, with big, bellying sails painted with strange devices in many colours. The men who crowded them were armed; here and there the bright sunlight glittered on bare steel.

"I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "D-d-d-do you really think they're pip-pip-pip—"

"They seem to have given Bunter the pip!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pip-pip-pirates!" gasped Bunter.

"Bet you ten to one!" said Johnny Bull cheerfully. "There have always been pirates in the China Sea; and more than ever since China became a jolly old republic. They're pirates all right."

"Plenty pilato!" said Wun Long softly. "S'pose they come along this ship, killy everybody."

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wish I was back at Greyfriars! Oh dear!"

Harry Wharton & Co. watched the two junks, not appearing unduly alarmed. One look at the calm, unmoved face of Ferrers Locke was enough to reassure them. Both the Baker Street detective and Mr. Green, the mate, were gazing towards the Chinese junks. For everyone on board realised that the swift steam-yacht could show a clean pair of heels to the fastest junk in the China Sea—everyone except Bunter.

As yet, however, the Silver Star was keeping on her course, northward towards distant Hong Kong.

Unless she changed her course she would pass between the two junks, and it was clear that they intended to close in on her.

The chums of the Greyfriars Remove felt a thrill. There could be no doubt that the fierce-looking crews of the junks, armed to the teeth, were pirates; and no doubt that if they succeeded in getting alongside the Silver Star swarms of yellow demons would overwhelm the yacht. It was the juniors' first experience of pirates; and it was, perhaps, more thrilling than pleasant.

"I—I say, you fellows, we—we shall all be cut to pieces!" gasped Bunter.

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# The Scowge of the



"I—I wish I hadn't come to China! Old Quelch in the Form-room is better than this! Oh dear! You beasts, what did you bring me here for?"

"Couldn't help it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You stuck on like glue, and you wouldn't come unstuck!"

"The stickfulness was terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!" remarked Hurree Jarnet Ram Singh.

"Why, there must be a hundred of the beasts!" gasped Bunter, his little round eyes, behind his big, round spectacles, goggling at the junks.

"Quite that!" said Bob. "Not much chance for us, if it comes to a scrap! Still, we've got you, Bunter!"

"Eh?"

"You came out to China with us to protect us, you know. Well, now's the time for you to get on with it."

"Beast!"

"Save us, Bunter!" chuckled Nugent.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

Billy Bunter had declared, many a time and oft, that he had come with the Greyfriars party to protect them. But at the present moment he did not seem keen on protecting anybody.

His fat jaw dropped, and his eyes almost bulged through his spectacles as he blinked at the approaching junks.

Bunter was thinking of his own fat skin—the most precious skin in the wide universe, from the point of view of William George Bunter.

"I—I say, you fellows, c-o-can't we run away?" gasped Bunter.

"Run away?" repeated Bob. "Fancy a Bunter suggesting running away! Think of the record of the Bunters in the War! Think of all those Victoria Crosses you've told us about that the Bunter family bagged by the bushel! Run away! My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" groaned Bunter. "We may all be plawking the wank—I mean, walking the plank—soon!"

"Chinese pirates don't make you walk the plank," said Harry Wharton, shaking his head. "That's a Western custom, now obsolete."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What-a-at do they do, then?" asked Bunter.

"They slice you with enormous swords—"

"Ow!"

"And chuck you overboard—"

"Wow!"

"In small pieces—"

"Yaroooh!"

"That makes it easier for the sharks to clear up the mess!" explained Bob Cherry.

"Oh crikey! I—I say, is there any land near? Couldn't we swim—"

"Not a bad idea," said Bob. "Slip into the sea before they get to us and swim for Hong Kong."





"Is—is it far?"  
"About five hundred miles."

"Beast!"  
Billy Bunter rolled away to the companion. Bob looked round.

"Here, Bunter! Don't go below! We want you to protect us!"

Billy Bunter did not answer. He vanished.

While the chums of the Remove continued to watch the pirate junks, William George Bunter was seeking a hiding-place, and he was seeking it in a hurry. As a rule, Bunter liked the limelight, and had no objection to any sort of publicity.

Just at present he preferred to make himself as small as possible. His one hope was that, when the Chinese pirates swarmed over the yacht they would overlook that most important person on board. It would be awful, no doubt, if the Greyfriars party were sliced into small pieces. But the really pressing matter was that Bunter should not be sliced.

Billy Bunter dived out of sight into the interior of the yacht—and he dived deep!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Left Behind!

**F**ERRERS LOCKE glanced at the group of juniors at the rail and smiled.

The two junks, crammed with yellow-skinned ruffians, to whom bloodshed and slaughter were trifling incidents, drew closer and closer. Cruel faces could be discerned; and the gleam of slanting eyes, the glitter of many weapons. But there was no sign of fun among the Greyfriars fellows. They watched the packed Chinese in the junks coolly, and if they felt an inward tremor of uneasiness, they did not show it. What Locke's intentions were the

Hong Kong, the gateway to the Mysterious East, looms strange and awe-inspiring before the eyes of the Greyfriars Adventurers. But more awe-inspiring still, looms the black, menacing shadow of the terrible "Red Dragon" Tong.

juniors did not know; but they had faith in his good judgment. And they were not afraid.

"Your first sight of Chinese pirates, my boys!" said the quiet voice of the Baker Street detective.

Wharton glanced round at him.

"Then they are pirates, Mr. Locke?" he asked.

"Assuredly."

"They look a savage lot!" said Bob.

"They look what they are," said Ferrers Locke. "The Chinese are a peaceable race and hate war; yet Chinese pirates have always been famed for their ferocity. I doubt whether a man would be left alive, if those soundrels obtained a footing on the yacht."

"We'd jolly well give 'em a tussle!" said Bob Cherry sturdily.

"The tusslefulness would be terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the numberfulness of the esteemed rascals is too great."

"It will not come to that," said Ferrers Locke. "The junks are fast, but the Silver Star can steam at least two knots to their one."

"But they're ahead of us," said Bob. "If we keep on they will close in on us, one on each side. It looks as if that is their game."

"That is their game. But we shall change our course as soon as needful. At present," added Locke, with a laugh, "I am tantalising them. It is rather amusing to give them the impression that we are steaming right into their jaws, only to slip through their fingers when they feel sure of us."

The juniors laughed, too.

"Moreover, I wish to have a close view of them," said Locke. "They are Chinese pirates, and in the present disturbed state of China piracy is on the increase. There are many pirates in the China Sea, the Yellow Sea, and the Canton River and the Yangtse-kiang. But I think that the rogues yonder are not merely pirates. I think we owe their presence to our old friend the Mandarin Tong Wang."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton.

"It is fairly clear that they know this yacht, and that they have been looking for us, waiting for us here in the lonely waters of the China Sea. I do not think this is a chance meeting. Unless I am mistaken, those junks belong to the Canton River. And they are a very unusually great distance from their native haunts."

"Oh, I suppose there's a difference between one junk and another?" said Bob. "To me they're just junks."

Locke smiled.

"There are many kinds of Chinese junks," he said; "and if these junks belong to the Canton River, it is very probable that they have been dispatched by Tong Wang to look for us."

"Mo tinkee," said Wun Lung. "Fellers Locke speakes truth! Junk belong Kwang-tung! Tou-shun."

"Wun Lung is right," said Locke. "These junks are tou-shuns, well known on the river of Canton. It is very uncommon for the tou-shun to be seen so far out at sea. This is the last attempt of the mandarin to get at Wun Lung on his way home. He failed in England, in France, on the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea, and at Singapore. He will fail in the China Sea."

The juniors watched the junks again. They had not at first thought of them in connection with Tong Wang, the mandarin who was chief of the Red Dragon tong.

Many times during a voyage of nearly ten thousand miles the emissaries of the mandarin had sought the life of the Chinese junior. So far, Ferrers Locke had brought him safely through, and the end of the long voyage was approaching now.

This was the last blow of the mandarin—an attack by Chinese pirates in the wide waters of the China Sea.

Like a spider in his web, the mandarin sat in his yamen in an inland city of Kwang-tung, pulling the strings. Blow after blow had been struck by agents of the tong, in Europe and in Asia; but in Ferrers Locke the mandarin seemed to have met his match.

Ferrers Locke turned away, after a last long look at the Canton junks, and rejoined Mr. Green. In the clear, sharp sunlight the juniors could make out many faces on the junks, and even distinguish the grinning looks of anticipated triumph. The junks glided swiftly down before the wind, the painted sails bellied out to their full extent, and showing the strange figures painted on them in red and blue.

The juniors felt their hearts beating faster. If by ill-chance the yellow pirates succeeded in running alongside the yacht, the crew of the Silver Star had but a poor chance against such a swarm of foes at close quarters. And they were drawing very near now.

With startling swiftness the Silver Star changed her course. Her starboard side was turned to the approaching junks, and she steamed away westward towards the distant coast of Amant, far out of sight under the rim of the sea.

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Immediately the painted sails shifted, the junks changing their course to cut the yacht off from the west. They came down swiftly before the wind, side by side now, like dogs rushing down on to a stag.

But the Silver Star, going full steam ahead, dropped them fast behind. The juniors had to look back now to watch the enemy. They caught the gleam of her blades in the sunshine, brandished in rage, as the pirates saw their victims escaping. In ten minutes the two junks were dead astern, and the figures on board them could no longer be distinguished.

Lower and lower the painted sails sank as the yacht rushed on to the west, lower and lower, till they were merely specks on the sea.

"Going—going—" said Bob Cherry.

"Gone!" said Wharton.

"The goneliness is terrific!"

The painted sails had sunk out of sight. Far astern, whether still pursuing or not, the junks had disappeared below the sea-line, and the yacht turned once more to the northward, and chugged on her way to Hong Kong.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Playful Pirates!

"**W**HERE'S Bunter?"

"Goodness knows!"

"What on earth's become of the fat duffer?"

"Must be ill," said Johnny Bull. "Nothing else would make him miss lunch."

"Bunter! Bunter!"

Lunch was on the table, and the shams of the Greyfriars Remove were ready for it. It was rather late, as they had remained on deck till the pirate junks dropped out of sight astern. They had rather expected to find Billy Bunter "going it" already. But Billy Bunter was not to be seen, and they called him in vain.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"The fat chump's hidden himself somewhere," he said. "He scuttled down to hide while we were watching the junks. Fat lot of good it would have done him if those beggars had got on board!"

"The hidefulness of the preposterous Bunter is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Let the esteemed and fatheaded Bunter get on with it, my absurd chums, while we have lunch."

"Good egg!" agreed Bob. "Serve him right for being such a blessed funk! I'm hungry. Let's!"

And the Famous Five and Wun Lung sat down to lunch with Ferrers Locke. They had looked into the state-rooms, but had seen nothing of Bunter there. Where he was hiding was rather a mystery. As there was no danger—and, in fact, had not been any danger in reality—it was rather entertaining to think of Bunter buried in some hidden retreat, missing his lunch. Evidently Bunter was under the impression that the danger was very close and pressing, or he would never have missed a meal. If he was too funky to remember lunch, his state of funk must have been, as Hurree Singh remarked, terrific.

Lunch was over, and still Bunter had not put in an appearance. Possibly he imagined that by that time the yacht was in possession of the pirates, and dared not show so much as a fat nose.

Ferrers Locke went back to the deck. But the juniors decided to look for Bunter.

"We'd better root him out," remarked Bob. "He can't stay hidden

away without grub till we get to Hong Kong. But where is he?"

"O where and O where can he be?" sang Nugent.

"The wherefulness is—"

"Terrific and preposterous!" chuckled Bob. "He must be in the cabins somewhere. Let's hunt him."

The Famous Five went along the state-rooms.

They looked into Bunter's room. They had looked in before lunch, without seeing Bunter. But now they looked more carefully, and they grinned as they looked.

In a corner of the little cabin was a heap of bedclothes and other clothes, which looked as if it had been thrown there carelessly.

Possibly a Chinese pirate, searching the yacht for victims, might have failed to take any heed of that heap, or to suspect that there was anyone hidden underneath it. But if so, he would certainly have been no great shakes as a pirate. For from under a corner of the heap, a foot protruded, evidently without the knowledge of its owner. Bunter was completely hidden from sight, but as Bunter's foot was there, it was only reasonable to infer that the rest of Bunter was not far away.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob. "Ain't he a cough-drop? Ain't he a jolly old fox when it comes to real cunning? Don't make a row! Bunter's expecting pirates, and it's a pity to disappoint him. Talk Chinese for him to hear."

"How the thump are we to talk Chinese, when we don't know any Chinese, fathead?"

"Bunter doesn't, either! Any old Chinese will be good enough for Bunter."

The juniors chuckled.

Bob Cherry suddenly tramped into the state-room with a heavy tramp that almost shook the floor.

"Ki kum koo!" he shouted.

There was a sudden wriggle in the heap of bedclothes. The Owl of the Remove had evidently heard that heavy tramping, and that ferocious shout, under his ample cover.

"Kum kay jay jook!" roared Johnny Bull, entering into the game.

"Run tum!" shouted Nugent.

"Chunky dunk!" yelled Wharton.

There was a terrified gasp from under the heap of clothes.

If Billy Bunter had had any doubt as to whether the yacht had been captured by pirates, that doubt would have been banished now, when he heard the pirates shouting in Chinese only a few feet from him.

Certainly, a native of China would not have recognized those shouts as being in Chinese! But Billy Bunter knew no more of Chinese than he did of Sanskrit or Hebrew. It was Chinese enough for him!

"Kwang tung bung bong!" roared Bob Cherry, picking up a chair and banging it on the floor. Hang bang chang chook!

"Pekin Hankow Canton Coshin-China!" shouted Nugent. "Tong-king Annam, Tibbet, Foo-chow, Shantung."

Another wriggle from the heap of bedclothes. Certainly a pirate would not have been left in any doubt that somebody was there.

"Boo hoo moo wooch!" reiterated Bob. "Shanky-banky-panky-bang!"

"Ow!" came in a gasp, muffled by the bedclothes.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors could restrain their mirth no longer. They ceased to speak "Chinese" and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh dear! Ow! Mercy!" came a quivering howl, as Bob stooped and jerked the heap of bedclothes away. "Ow! I'm not here! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh!"

Bunter rolled out into view. He did not, for the moment, realize that the juniors were in the cabin. Their roars of laughter was, to his terrified ears, the horrid laughter of ferocious pirates who had found a victim. He sprawled on his fat knees and yelled.

"I say! Yaroooh! Mercy! Help! Keep off! D-d-don't slice me! Oh! Yaroooh! Go away! Oh dear! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Ow! Mercy! Wow!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked up at them. His eyes almost jumped through his spectacles. He stared at them dumbfounded.

"You—you fellows!" he gasped.

"Little us!" chuckled Bob. "All serene, old fat bean! We're not going to slice you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, where's the pirates?" gasped Bunter. "Are they—are they on the yacht? I—I heard them shouting in Chinese—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, shut that door! Bolt it!" shrieked Bunter. "I say, they were here a moment ago, I heard them—"

"You fat ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "There aren't any pirates! We left them behind long ago!"

"Wha-a-at?" Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet. "But—but I heard them shouting in Chinese—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you beasts!" gasped Bunter, as the truth glimmered in on his fat brain. "W-w-was it you?"

"I sort of think it must have been," chortled Bob. "Anyhow, we're the only pirates here, and we're not ferocious."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter velly fat ole funkee!" chuckled Wun Lung.

"Oh dear! You—you rotters!" gasped Bunter. "I—I thought—I—I mean, I didn't think anything of the kind! I—I knew it was you fellows all along."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I—I was just pulling your leg, you know! I—I dare say you thought I was scared!"

"I dare say we did!" chuckled Bob.

"Beast! I say, you fellows, what about lunch?" Bunter remembered that he was hungry now. He rolled to the door, and paused. "I—I say, you fellows, you're sure there ain't any pirates on board?"

"Only us!"

"Yab!"

Billy Bunter rolled away in search of a late lunch. And Harry Wharton & Co. went chuckling on deck, leaving Billy Bunter packing away the food-stuffs with his usual disregard for the Plimsoll line.

— — —

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The Typhoon!

"**A** LIFE on the ocean wave!"

"Ow!"

"A home on the rolling deep!"

"Wow!"

"Where your dinners won't behave—"

"Groogh!"

"And the fishes get them cheap!"

"Whoooh!"

Bob Cherry was singing—perhaps to cheer Bunter. Bunter did not seem to be cheered. He was past cheering.



The China Sea had looked as smooth as glass when Bunter had tucked into dinner. But the China Sea was deceptive. That sea, famed for its sudden and treacherous storms, was not to be trusted. Bunter had trusted it—and now, stretched in his berth, he repented him of his trust.

It had been a blazing afternoon. Towards evening it grew hotter instead of cooler, or so it seemed to the breathless schoolboys on board the Silver Star.

The sea was calm; a shining lake under the blaze of the sun. Not a breath of wind fanned the cheeks of the juniors as they stood on deck. But out of the far north-east there came a low moaning sound, and without being told, they knew that it portended trouble.

Ferrers Locke's face was grave. Mr. Green's jaws were clamped shut. They saw Rawson, the steward, put his head out, and vanish promptly below again.

The men on deck had a subdued quietness in their manner, and all eyes turned to the north-east.

In that direction the sky was growing black. From the midst of the bank of black clouds the moaning seemed to come.

Ferrers Locke came towards the juniors, and they looked at him inquiringly.

"Storm coming, sir!" asked Harry.

"Typhoon!" said Locke briefly.

The chums of Greyfriars felt a chill. They had heard of the sudden and terrible typhoons of the Eastern seas—storms that leave wreck and ruin strewn in their wake.

"It's coming down on us from the north-east," said Locke. "You may have noticed that we have changed course a few points to the eastward. This is to keep the ship's head to the typhoon. We shall run straight into it—that is the safest way. You boys had better go below."

"If you think best, sir—"

"I do!" said Locke.

"Very well!"

The juniors gave a last look round at the darkening horizon. The moan of the approaching wind was changing to a howl. The smoothness of the glassy sea was suddenly broken, and the water chopped round the yacht. Harry Wharton & Co. would have preferred to remain on deck; but Locke's wish was law to them, and they went quietly below. It was obvious that there was danger for all on deck; indeed, it was clear enough that there was danger for all on board, above or below. They heard the hatches battened down after them.

"O, listen to the band!" said Bob Cherry, as a wild yell of wind came suddenly like the voices of a thousand unchained demons.

The Silver Star seemed to leap almost from the water.

The typhoon had struck the yacht. "Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Johnny Bull,

as he went sliding along the saloon against the settee.

"My hat!" Crash! Crash! Bump! Thump! Everything that was loose was rolling and tumbling.

The juniors caught hold of the nearest fixed objects, and held on. It seemed to them that the ship was rising under their feet, like a horse rearing on its hind legs. They seemed to hear about timber crack, and steel plates ring, under the crash as the typhoon struck them. Through the roar of the wind and the waves came the throbbing of the engines, going at full pressure. They heard the wash of mighty seas breaking over the deck above.

"Oh crumbs!" Bob Cherry clung to the table and gasped. "So this is a giddy typhoon! Some wind!"

"Boats the hurricane we had in the Mediterranean!" gasped Wharton.

"Just a few!" The Silver Star rocked and pitched,

Cherry's hair, which he had fortunately reached. Bob did not seem to think it fortunate. He roared.

"Ow! Leggo, you villain!" "Help me, you beasts! Grooogh! I'm g-g-going to be sick! Wow! Grooogh!"

"Oh dear! Roll him to his berth!" gasped Wharton.

The Famous Five gathered round Bunter, and, somehow, got him to his state-room and rolled him into his bunk. Bunter collapsed there.

All the dinners he had eaten, one after another, were sorely troubled now. They seemed to be in violent disagreement with one another, and with the typhoon.

From Bunter's bunk came horrid sounds of woe.

It was then that Bob Cherry started singing. Bob's cheery spirits did not seem affected by the uproar of the storm. He held on to the doorway of Bunter's room, swaying with the motion of the



The yacht gave a sudden pitch and Billy Bunter slid forward. Crash! He bumped into the mate of the Silver Star, and sent him sprawling on the deck!

dancing almost like a cork. But she held steadily on, head to the storm, which would have rolled her over like a turtle had it struck her broadside.

"I say, you fellows! Yow-ow-ow! Help!"

Bunter's howl mingled with the howl of the storm.

The fat junior had been taking his ease on the settee after dinner. Now he had rolled off, and was skidding about the floor of the saloon like a barrel.

He clutched at the leg of a chair and carried it along with him, with a crash.

Then he hurtled into the juniors, and clutched hold of two of them with frantic clutches.

"Ow! Help! Ow!"

"You silly owl!" gasped Nugent.

"Hold on to something—"

"Ow! Help!" Bunter held on—to Nugent. He had a good grip on Nugent's leg, and he did not let go. His other hand grasped Bob

ship, and lifted up his powerful voice in rivalry with the typhoon.

Bunter gurgled and groaned and guggled.

"Cheer up, old bean!" roared Bob.

"Think what a lot of room you'll have for supper."

"Groooooogh!"

"A life on the ocean wave—"

"Oh, shut up!" moaned Bunter.

"Ow! Oh dear! What was I idiot enough to come to sea for? Ow! Wow! I wish I was on shore! Wow! If it wasn't for you beasts I should be safe at Greyfriars now! Oh crikey! Ooooooogh!"

"A home on the rolling deep—"

"Uurrrrrgh!"

"Poor old Bunter! It won't last long," said Bob.

"Ow! I'm dying! Wow!"

"You'll come to life again presently." "Beast! Ow! Wow!"

"These typhoons don't last long," said Bob. "Half an hour or an hour—"



"Ow! Groooogh! Oooosh! Ooo-er!" Bunter moaned and could not be comforted. The awful state of his unhappy inside drove even the thought of danger from his mind. Indeed, in his present state, a sudden plunge to the bottom of the sea might have come as a relief.

Bob clambered back to the saloon. The floor was at a different angle every moment.

"Jolly, ain't it?" gasped Bob.

"The jollifunness is truly terrific!" panted Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"It's a jolly old experience," said Bob. "We shall be able to tell the fellows at Greyfriars that we've been through a typhoon."

"We ain't through yet!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, we're coming through all right! The Silver Star's a jolly good boat, and if there's nothing in the way—"

Bob Cherry's voice was drowned by a fearful crash that made the yacht quiver and groan from stem to stern.

So terrific was the shock that the juniors were torn from their hold, and went sprawling helplessly along the floor.

"Oh crumbs!"

"What the thump—"

Harry Wharton scrambled to his feet. The juniors, bumped and bruised, sorted themselves out.

"That was a collision!" breathed Wharton. "We ran into something—"

They listened intently. The roar of the storm filled their ears with deafening noise. For long minutes they wondered whether the yacht was sinking under their feet. To see what was going on was impossible. The ports were all securely closed, and outside was only the blackness of the storm and the frothing of the tossing sea. They could only wait with thumping hearts.

But the Silver Star was still fighting the typhoon. What had happened to the vessel into which she had crashed the juniors hardly cared to think. Some hapless junk or sampan, caught in the typhoon, had evidently crossed the yacht's bows at a fatal moment. The prow of the Silver Star had struck it fair and square, and the vessel, whatever it was, must have gone to the bottom.

Whether the yacht had been damaged by the collision they could not tell. If she was damaged nothing could be done till the typhoon had blown itself out. But it seemed to them that the struggling of the Silver Star was more laboured, that her speed was diminished, and that the heavy seas struck her and swept over her with more terrific force. In the electric light that burned in the saloon the faces of the Greyfriars schoolboys showed pale.

But the yacht still floated and still fought the storm, and they held on and waited with beating hearts.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### After the Typhoon I

**F**ERRERS LOCKE came down and threw off his streaming oilskins. The Baker Street detective's face was pale and worn. He had been through a tremendous strain in the last hour. But he gave the Greyfriars juniors a smile.

"All safe now, my boys," he said.

"The jolly old typhoon's over!" asked Bob.

"Or I should not be here," said Locke, smiling. "Yes, it is over, though the sea is still very wild. You may go on deck if you like."

"Did—did we run into something, sir?" asked Wharton hesitating.

"Yes."

"And—"

"It was a Chinese junk," said Locke. "Fortunately, we struck it head on, and we must have cut it in two. It went down like a stone. It was, of course, impossible to make any attempt to save anyone."

The juniors looked at him. Locke spoke with perfect calmness, as if the matter had not affected him in any way.

"The—the men on board the junk?" said Nugent.

"Not one of them can have survived," said Locke. "But as it happened, very fortunately, I had a glimpse of the junk as we struck her and recognised her. You need have no regrets for the crew—it was one of the pirate junks that intercepted us to-day."

"Oh!" exclaimed the juniors.

"No doubt they were still looking for us, after we had shaken them off by changing our course," said Locke, "and this one was thrown across our bows by the typhoon. She went down with all on board; but we need not regret that the earth has been cleared of a crew of savage cut-throats. In our present state, I am only too glad to think that we have been relieved of such an enemy."

"Then the yacht is damaged?" asked Harry.

Locke nodded.

"I believe that some plates have been started, forward; and we have sprung a leak. Probably the damage is not serious; but we shall soon ascertain its extent. It will mean delay, but I hope nothing worse than that."

The juniors went on deck.

There were plenty of signs of the typhoon above decks. The lifeboat had been carried away; in places the rails and bulwarks shattered and splintered. Heavy seas had swept the yacht fore and aft, breaking over her from stem to stern. The amount of the damage was not surprising; what was surprising was that the yacht had lived through the typhoon at all.

The sea was running high, and a strong wind blew out of the north-east. The sky was grey; but there was a red glimmer of sunset in the west. No sail was to be seen on the sea. On all sides nothing met the eye but the wild waste of grey tumbling waters.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "it was a jolly old experience, but I don't want another like it."

"No fear!"

"We've been through a typhoon in the China Sea!" said Nugent. "But I think I'd rather read about the next, in the study at Greyfriars."

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"We're not making much way now," said Harry. "I fancy there's a good deal of water got in. They're rigging the pump already. But I suppose we're lucky to have come through so well."

"No doubt about that," said Johnny Bull. He scanned the tumbling sea with a keen eye. "Is that a sail?"

"Looks like a sea-bird!"

"It's a sail!" said Harry, after a few moments. "I fancy it's a junk. They must have had a worse time than we had in the typhoon."

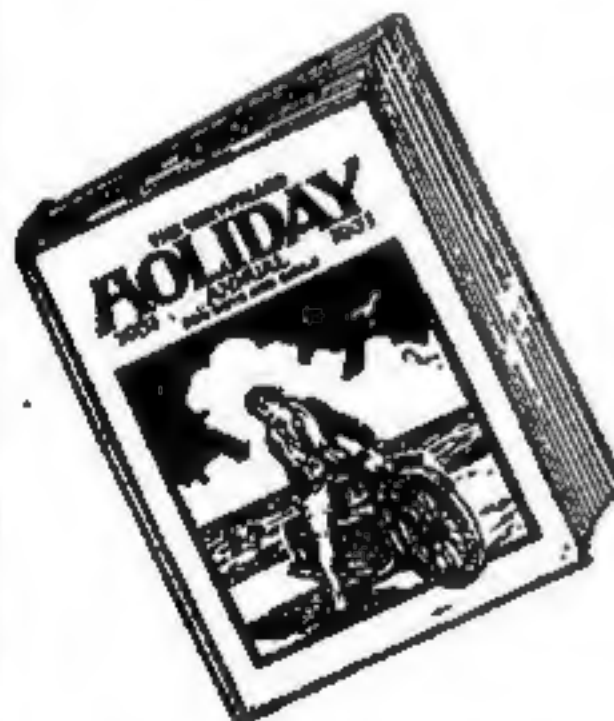
They heard a sudden exclamation from Mr. Green. He was standing with the binoculars fixed on the distant sail.

"By gum!"

Ferrers Locke came back to the deck. Mr. Green handed the binoculars to him, with a muttered word.

The Baker Street detective looked long and earnestly.

When he lowered the glasses, his lips



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were compressed, and he gave the mate a nod.

"You are right, Green," he said quietly.

"There's no doubt, sir!"

"None! It is the other junk."

"By gum!" said Mr. Green, with a whistle. "I reckon we're lucky that one of them went down under our bows, sir; but the other—" He whistled again. "This afternoon we walked away from those swabs, but now—"

"Keep the pumps working," said Ferrers Locke calmly. "We cannot make any speed until the leak has been found and stopped. At the present moment sails have the advantage over steam. But we are very far from being at the end of our tether yet."

The Baker Street detective went quickly to the engine-room hatch. Harry Wharton & Co. turned their eyes again on the approaching junk.

It was coming down before the wind, growing larger and clearer every moment.

All over the junk were signs of the damage done by the typhoon. One of the masts was gone, spars and rigging torn and rent. Fore and aft, port and starboard, the typhoon had wrought havoc on the pirate junk. But it was evidently still sea-worthy; and one rent sail was set and drawing, and the clumsy-looking vessel moved swiftly and surely. And the juniors realized that the yacht, which had dropped the pirates astern so easily in the earlier part of the day, was no longer capable of swift flight.

In the whirl of the typhoon, the foes had been thrown together again. One of the pirate junks had gone down, and the juniors could scarcely help feeling glad that they no longer had the two to deal with. But the surviving junk was bearing down upon them, and was not to be eluded now.

"My hat!" murmured Bob. "If they get alongside—"

"No 'if' about it!" said Johnny Bull. "They will get alongside."

"Then, my beloved 'carers, it looks like trouble for this little party!" said Bob Cherry.

"We can't dodge them this time," said Harry quietly. "It's sheer ill-luck that they've dropped on us again. The Silver Star is practically crippled till they get at the leak."

"And that won't be soon!" said Nugent.

"Hours at least, I should say."

"That junk will be bumping into us in a quarter of an hour," said Bob Cherry. "She's got the wind, and they know how to handle her. Look at the brutes—you can see their faces now."

The juniors stared round over the sea in search of another sail, or the smoke of a steamer. But the yacht was alone on the sea with the approaching junk. Mile after mile, the China Sea tumbled and swelled after the typhoon, bare of sail or smoke. There was no help for the yacht's crew, unless they could help themselves. On board the Silver Star were not more than twenty souls all told; and the pirate junk was crammed with men. The juniors' faces were very grave.

"Me no likee!" murmured Wun Lung. "Me tinkoo Mandarin Tang Wang he gottes this Chinese this time."

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"No fear!" he answered stoutly. "Ferrers Locke will beat him yet, kid! We're pulling through."

But even the cheery Bob wondered how it was going to end now. It looked as if the emissaries of Tang Wang, on the last lap of that long journey round

half the globe, would succeed at last, and that the China Sea would hide forever the fate of Wun Lung and his friends.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Attack of the Pirates!

**B**ILLY BUNTER, meaning dismally in his berth, was the only one below now. Rifles had been served out to the crew, and the Famous Five helped themselves; they knew how to handle firearms, and every hand was likely to be wanted. Rawson and the second steward had come up, and were handling rifles. There was a warm reception awaiting the Chinese pirates if they attempted to board—as evidently they intended to do. Yet all the crew of the Silver Star knew that shooting would never stop the rush of that wild and swarming horde of yellow demons.

Ferrers Locke's face seemed emotionless, and it expressed nothing. In her crippled condition, the Silver Star could not have escaped by flight; but she was making no attempt to do so. The yacht scarcely moved through the water, and the Chinese pirates were

### MORE LIMERICKS WANTED!

A dandy leather pocket wallet is awarded for every Greyfriars limerick published in the MAGNET.

One of this week's handsome prizes goes to: Joseph Kivi, 57, Bedford Road, Bootle, Liverpool, whose winning effort appears herewith:

When Bunter, an artful young  
    jay,  
Was passing a study one day,  
    He saw a large hamper  
And with it did tamper,  
And demolished the luck  
    right away!

A pen and paper—a few  
    moments' thought—is all that's  
    necessary!

given no difficulty in running down to her.

The crowd of yellow faces could be clearly seen, grinning with glee and anticipated triumph. Prominent among the junk's crew was a tall, burly Chinaman, with fierce moustaches twisted up to his slanting eyes, his girdle loaded with weapons, and a fan in his hand. In a less thrilling moment, the juniors might have been entertained by the idea of a pirate chief with a fan; but they did not feel like smiling now. As the junk glided within hailing distance, the tall Chinaman shouted to the yacht; but as he spoke in Chinese, the juniors understood nothing of what he said.

They looked round at Ferrers Locke. He was regarding the junk with a steady eye, his face calm and inscrutable. From the engine-room hatch, the fire-hose was trailing, and Ferrers Locke held the tube near the nozzle, gripped in a lump of cotton-waste.

Mr. Green looked at it and grinned. "What on earth's the game?" whispered Bob Cherry to his comrades. "What's Locke up to, you men? He can't be going to turn the hose on that mob? That wouldn't stop them for a second."

Wharton shook his head.

"Blessed if I can make it out," Ed said. "It wouldn't stop them—that's a cert! But—"

He shook his head again, giving it up. If Ferrers Locke fancied that a crew of Chinese pirates could be stopped by turning the ship's hose on them, it was clear that for once the Baker Street detective's judgment was at fault. Yet, if that was not his intention, it was difficult to guess what his intention was.

"Locke's a giddy dark horse," said Johnny Bull. "I fancy he's got something up his sleeve."

"But what?" asked Nugent.

"Ask me another!"

The junk was not a cable's length distant now. The voice of the pirate captain came booming across the water. Between the two vessels the sea was choppy and rough, though it was fast going down. In the west the sunset glared red through drifting clouds, lighting up the scene like a crimson flare. The slanting red rays turned the sea blood-red.

"I've seen that swab before!" The juniors heard Mr. Green's muttering voice. "That's Chang Ko, the pirate of the Canton River! Now I see him close, I know the cut of his jib!"

Chang Ko was shouting, emphasising his words with waves of his fan.

"What the dickens is the brute saying?" grunted Johnny Bull. "I say, Wun Lung, I suppose you understand him?"

"Me savvy! He say if we no shootee he killy nobody. If we shootee, he killy evolybody."

"Oh, my hat! Does he expect us to rise to a bait like that?" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "We'd be likely to trust him!"

"Ferrers Locke no trustee!" grinned Wun Lung.

"We'll pot some of the brutes, anyhow," said Bob, between his teeth, as he gripped his rifle. "They won't get aboard without shooting—and we'll tumble a few of them over."

"What-ho!"

Locke called back an answer in Chinese. Chang Ko waved his fan again and shouted. The juniors caught the name of Wun Lung.

"What's that, Wun Lung?" asked Bob. "He's speaking about you."

"Chang Ko say, s'posse Mistel Locke gives up Wun Lung, he sail away and no killy nobody."

"Cheeky rotter!" said Bob.

"That's a proof that Tang Wang is at the bottom of this," said Harry. "It's Wun Lung they're after, of course."

"Look out—they're on us now."

The junk glided down to the side of the yacht. Her swarming crew were bunched together, ready to leap on board the Silver Star. Still, Ferrers Locke did not give the word to fire; and his order was waited for; though every trigger trembled under an eager finger.

Bump!

The junk came down on a wave, and bumped lightly against the side of the yacht.

Instantly ropes and hooks were flung from the side of the junk, grappling the two vessels together.

Locke's voice rang sharply, ordering his crew back to the further side of the deck. The junk had grappled on the starboard side, and the Silver Star's crew retreated to the port side, leaving the way completely open to the attack.

It was amazing to the juniors, but they obeyed without question. Over the rail of the junk swarmed fierce faces



and gleaming steel. Not a shot was fired; and the savage swarm flung themselves on the yacht like dogs on a stag.

A sharp, shrill whistle burst from Ferrers Locke. It was a signal; and the juniors realised later that it was a signal to the engine-room, where the engineer was waiting for it.

Locke lifted the hose, and directed the nozzle on the swarming pirates leaping on the yacht, with yells and howls, and brandishing weapons.

For one second it seemed to the schoolboys that the great detective had taken leave of his senses.

Not a shot—not a blow—only the ship's hose, interposed between them and slaughter. Was Ferrers Locke mad? It was too late now to stop the boarding-party, if they could have been stopped; they were swarming on the yacht! And Locke was turning the hose on them! Was he out of his senses?

And then, to the utter amazement of the juniors, the attack crumpled up, the pirates reeling and staggering with fearful cries, dropping their weapons, raving and yelling like maniacs.

It seemed like a miracle to the juniors. They saw Chang Ko, with his fan in his left hand, a gigantic curved sword in his right, leap on the yacht's deck; in aspect a figure from a comic opera, in intention a ruthless, wild beast. They saw him drop fan and sword as the jet from the hose caught him, and clasp both hands to his savage face, screaming with agony.

He staggered back, and fell, squirming and screaming, and writhing like a wounded snake.

Right and left of him his men staggered and reeled and screamed and writhed.

And then they saw that steam was rising from the jet of water that shot from the fire-hose, and they understood.

It was boiling water from the engine-room that Ferrers Locke was playing on the Chinese pirates.

It was boiling water and scalding steam that struck the ferocious horde and hurled them back.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, and his face was white.

Wharton clenched his teeth.

It was a terrible, a fearful sight! It was the only chance of life, for the force of the enemy was overwhelming, and if they gained the upper hand, not a soul would be left alive on board the yacht. But it was terrible. With savage ferocity on their faces, murder in their hearts, the pirates swarmed down on the Silver Star—to be met, blinded, burned, scalded, tortured, by boiling water and hissing steam.

Screaming men leaped into the sea, Wretches maddened with pain ran to and fro like scared rabbits. Some sprang back to the junk—others rolled on the deck of the Silver Star. The attack crumpled up in a second or two.

Locke, standing like a statue facing the enemy, with an iron face, hardly stirred—only his wrist moving, as he sprayed the enemy with boiling steam from the fire-hose.

It was like some terrible scene from the Inferno.

A few moments before a savage horde had been leaping to bloodshed and murder! Now they were a tangled, screaming mass of maddened humanity, seeking only to escape.

The yells of the pirates filled the air with deafening, hideous din. Madly they scrambled back to the junk, more than half their number falling into the sea. In a few minutes the yacht was

free of them. Then Ferrers Locke lifted the nozzle higher and the scalding stream shot and sprayed over the junk.

At a word from the detective, the grappling ropes were cut away, and the two vessels floated apart.

On the junk, what were left of the Chinese pirates were not thinking of attack; not thinking of firing a shot. They hunted cover from the boiling steam that fell on them like a burning spray. Frightful yells and howls rang back from the junk.

The yacht glided on.

Ferrers Locke shut off the hose. On the junk, the pirates who were still able to use their limbs were making frantic efforts to get under way. As the yacht steamed on slowly to the north, the junk fled southward before the wind.

Harry Wharton & Co. had seen the last of the Chinese pirates.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Saving Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

It was a squeak from Bunter's state-room.

Harry Wharton & Co. had gone below, their faces white, and feeling rather shaken.

The yells and screams of the pirates seemed to be still ringing in their ears.

It had been unavoidable; the only way to save the lives of those on board. But it had been terrible.

The fleeing junk had vanished before the wind, in the falling night. Bright stars glimmered down on the sea and the gliding yacht. The juniors were anxious to get the terrible episode out of their minds; but it was not easy to forget.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry's voice lacked its usual cheery ring. But the juniors went along to give Bunter a look in.

Bunter was sitting up in his bunk, and looking better.

The sea was calmer now, and the fat junior was recovering. Perhaps the total loss of his last huge meal had helped to pull him round.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, old fat bean?"

"Beast, I'm ill!"

"You said you were dying!" said Bob reproachfully. "You don't seem to have got on with it."

"Yah! I say, you fellows, what was all that fearful row?"

"Only the pirates—"

"The pip-pip-pip-pirates?" stuttered Bunter.

"Yes; they got alongside—"

"Yarcooh!"

"Fathead! They've been driven off, and they've cleared—what are left of them."

"Oh! Sure they're gone?"

"Yes, ass."

"Well, you might have called me," said Bunter morosely. "You know how I hate to miss a scrap."

"Oh, ye gods!"

"I think it's jolly selfish of you fellows to keep all the fun to yourselves," said Bunter warmly. "I'd have thoroughly enjoyed a brush with the pirates. In fact, I had been looking forward to it. It's a bit sickening, to be left out of it, like this."

"Fathead!"

"What's all that row going on now, if they're gone?" asked Bunter. "That beastly clanking?"

"That's the pumps."

Bunter jumped.

"The pip-pip-pumps?" he stammered.

"Yes; the pip-pip-pirates are gone, and now it's the pip-pip-pumps!" said Bob. "The pip-pip-peril isn't pip-pip-past yet."

Bob was evidently recovering his spirits.

"But—but what are they pumping for?" gasped Bunter.

"Water," explained Johnny Bull.

"You silly ass! D-d-d-do you mean we've sprung a l-l-leak?"

"Just that!"

"Oh crikey! And you leaving me here to drown, when the ship's going down!" howled Bunter. He rolled hurriedly out of his bunk. "I say, is the lifeboat lowered?"

"The lifeboat was blown away in the typhoon."

"Oh crumbs! I say, are we sinking?"

"Not exactly sinking. Of course, we've shipped a lot of water. But I believe Mr. Locke hopes to save the ship," said Bob gravely.

"Ow!"

Bunter bolted out of the state-room. The juniors followed him into the saloon. They were grinning now. Bunter was having the effect of cheering them up; he was furnishing a little much-needed comic relief.

"I—I say, you fellows," gasped Bunter. "Do you think the ship will be shaved?"

"Eh?"

"I—I mean, do you think the ship will be saved?"

"There's a sporting chance, at least," answered Bob. "While there's life there's hope, you know. But, of course, a fellow had better take precautions. If she suddenly disappears under our feet—"

"Yarcooh!"

"We'd better be ready. It doesn't matter so much about you, as you're a splendid swimmer—"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "I'm not going to be drowned to please you. I say, you fellows—"

"Well, the safest thing is to tie oneself to something that's sure to float. I've heard of a man who floated safely away from a wreck tied between two trunks. But if we take two each there won't be any for you, Bunter."

"You awful beast! I say, you fellows, you landed me in this—bringing me on this beastly voyage, you know. Look here, you look after me first—"

"Oh, anything for a quiet life!" said Bob. "Get a rope, one of you chaps, and let's fix Bunter up safely. After all, Bunter's life is the most valuable here, isn't it, Bunter?"

"Yes. Of course! Help!"

"Rally round!" said Bob. "Don't be selfish, you men, and think of yourselves. It doesn't matter much what happens to us, so long as we save Bunter. Buck up with that rope. I'll get the trunks!"

"Oh dear! I—I can feel her going!" gasped Bunter. "She—she's sinking under my feet! Be quick! Buck up! Don't dawdle about like that, you silly asses! Buck up!" yelled Bunter.

The Famous Five bucked up.

Two empty trunks were trundled into the saloon, and Bunter was placed between them. They were stood on end, and the handle of one roped to the handle of the other over Bunter's fat shoulders.

Then the handles at the lower ends were tied to his fat ankles.

"Quick!" gasped Bunter. "I can feel her going! Quick! Don't slack about—quick!"

"Buck up, you men!"





Bunter looked up and grinned at the row of angry faces at the yacht's rail. "Come back!" roared Wharton. "Yah!" replied Bunter. "Go and eat soks! Yah!"

"Go it!"

"Save Bunter!"

Bunter breathed more freely when he was fixed, like a fat sandwich, between the two trunks. There was no doubt that if the yacht went down suddenly under Bunter's feet he would be left floating. Billy Bunter realised that, and he calmed down a little.

"Now get me on deck!" he gasped.

"Oh, on deck?" ejaculated Bob.

"Yes, you idiot—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You silly ass, I shall go down with the ship if I'm still below when she goes!" howled Bunter.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bob.

The chums of the Remove looked at one another. They were pulling Billy Bunter's fat leg as a harmless and necessary entertainment. They had not intended to send him into the public view on deck in that extraordinary state of preparedness.

Still, if Bunter wanted to go on deck sandwiched between two empty trunks, they had no objection.

"Heave ahead, my hearties!" said Bob.

And Bunter was heaved to the saloon stairs.

Up he clambered, grabbing the rail, and bunked from behind by the Famous Five, with a clattering and thudding of the trunks.

He emerged on deck.

The Famous Five did not follow him there. Billy Bunter emerged into the bright starlight on his own.

A peaceful scene met his eyes.

But, even so, it did not occur to Bunter's fat brain that his leg was being pulled. His own safety was the chief thing.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Not a Shipwreck!

**B**ILLY BUNTER blinked round him with alarmed eyes behind his big spectacles.

Darkness lay on the sea, broken by the glitter of a myriad stars. The pumps were clanking and chugging. There was still a chopiness in the China Sea, left by the typhoon, and the deck slanted and tilted every minute or so. Certainly there was nothing to indicate that the yacht was going down—to a cool head, at least. But Bunter was not blessed with a cool head. He rolled out on deck, with a trunk clattering before and a trunk thudding behind, gasping.

Ferrers Locke glanced round at the sound of the thudding trunks, and his eyes opened wide at the sight of Bunter.

It was seldom that the Baker Street detective allowed himself to be surprised. But William George Bunter was something new, even in Ferrers Locke's experience. More than once, since that voyage to China had started, Bunter had surprised the famous detective; and now he surprised him once more.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Locke, staring in amazement at the Owl of the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from several of the hands.

It was not in accordance with yachting etiquette for the hands to yell with laughter at the sight of a passenger. But in this case they really could not help it. Bunter, sandwiched between two hanging trunks, was irresistible.

"I—I say, is she going?" howled Bunter.

Mr. Green strode towards him.

"What are you up to, you young jackanapes?" he demanded.

"Is she going?"

"Eh! Is who going?"

"The—the ship."

"Can't you see she's going?" demanded Mr. Green, astonished by the question.

The Silver Star was steaming on her way, though at a reduced speed. There was no doubt that she was "going." It did not even occur to the mate that Bunter wanted to know whether she was going down.

There was a yelp of terror from Bunter.

"Oh crikey! Oh dear! I say, how far are we from land?"

"About a hundred miles. But what the—"

"Oh dear! Are there many ships about? Do you think we shall be picked up?" wailed Bunter.

"Picked up!" said the astonished mate. "What do you want to be picked up for?"

"You silly chump!"

"Wh-a-at?"

"Do you think I want to be drowned?" hooted Bunter. "Oh dear! Look here, don't hold on to me! Keep off! These trunks are to keep me up—not you! Hands off!"

"Is the boy mad?" gasped Mr. Green.

Ferrers Locke burst into a laugh.

"Bunter, why have you come on deck fixed up in that absurd manner?" he demanded. "Why are those trunks tied on to you?"

"To keep me afloat, of course. Don't



be an ass! I say, when is she going down?" howled Bunter. "Keep clear of me! I ain't going to let you hang on to these trunks. Oh dear!"

"You utterly absurd boy——"

"You silly swab!" roared Mr. Green.

Ferrers Locke turned away with a laugh. He had more important matters than William George Bunter to attend to just then.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from somewhere.

Bunter blinked round. He could not imagine what anybody found to laugh at, at such an awful moment.

"You silly swab!" gasped Mr. Green.

"I suppose somebody's been pulling your silly leg—the ship's not going down——"

"Wha-a-ah!"

"And if it was, you young ass, you'd do better with a lifebelt. For goodness' sake get out of sight."

"I—I say——"

Bunter was interrupted. The yacht gave a sudden pitch on the swell of the China Sea, and the fat junior slid forward. Trunks and all, he skidded along the slanting deck.

"Yaroooh! Help!"

Crash!

Mr. Green was turning away from him. But Bunter came on at a rush, and the mate of the Silver Star was suddenly charged astern.

He gave a yell and stumbled forward. Bunter and the trunks clattering over him.

Mr. Green sprawled on the deck, and Bunter and the trunks sprawled on Mr. Green.

The sprawling mate roared out two or three scurrying expressions of great potency.

He was scrambling up when the Silver Star gave another sudden roll, and before Mr. Green could get on his feet he was plunging along the deck to the lee scuppers. After him plunged Billy Bunter and the clattering trunks.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Owl! Help! Save me! Rescue! Help!"

Mr. Green brought up against the lee rail, spluttering. Bunter and the trunks brought up against Mr. Green.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you——" gurgled Mr. Green.

"Owl! Help!"

"I'll help you!" raved the mate, scrambling up with a clutch on the rail. "I'll help you, you clumsy swab! Holy smoke! I'll help you!"

He grabbed Bunter by the collar and heaved him up. The fat junior sagged in the mate's sinewy grasp.

"Owl! Grooogh! You're chook-chook-chook-chook-chooking me! Leggo—grooogh—owl! Wow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The angry mate swung Bunter back to the saloon stairs and sent him clattering down. There was a terrific uproar as the Owl of the Remote descended.

"Owl! Help! I say, you fellows! Yarooogh! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five.

"You beasts!" howled Bunter. "The ship ain't going down! You awful beasts, get these beastly trunks off! Owl!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—you awful rotters—you beastly practical joking blighters—I say, get me out of these beastly trunks!" shrieked Bunter.

"Rot!" gasped Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "You're all fixed up for a

shipwreck now. Better leave well alone."

"We ain't being shipwrecked!" howled Bunter.

"You never know, in the China Sea! You stick to those trunks——"

"The stickfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed fathheaded Bunter," chuckled Hurren Jamsot Ram Singh.

"Be prepared, you know!" chortled Johnny Bull. "Nothing like being prepared!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter glared at the Famous Five with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Will you let me loose?" he roared.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!"

"You asked for it!" chuckled Nugent.

"What the dickens are you grousing about? You're safe now, in case the ship goes down! Keep like that till we get to Hong Kong! Only a few more days——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You boasts!" shrieked Bunter.

"You jolly well know the ship wasn't going down——"

"Go hon!"

"You were only pulling my leg, you beasts——"

"He's guessed it!" said Bob. "What a brain!"

"The brainfulness is preposterous."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you boasts! Get these beastly trunks off!" yelled Bunter. "If you don't get these beastly trunks off, I'll jolly well give you a licking all round."

"That does it!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"He's getting ferocious! Run for your lives, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five scampered on deck.

Bunter was left to struggle with the trunks. But they were well tied; the Famous Five had done their work well! For a long, long time the fat junior struggled with the ropes. He yelled to the steward to come and help him, but the steward seemed deaf. He yelled to the juniors to come back, but if they heard him, they heeded not.

Bunter was quite tired by the time he got rid of the trunks. And it was probable that the next time he had an alarm of shipwreck, he would make sure before he allowed the Famous Five to fix him up for life-saving.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### China At Last!

**H**ONG KONG!

"So that's Hong Kong?"

"Jolly old China at last!"

Wun Lung's slanting eyes were glowing. China—a strange land, a land thrilling strangeness to the Greyfriars juniors—was home to Wun Lung, the son of Wun Chung Lung.

The Silver Star steamed into the wide mouth of the Canton River—the Che-kiang. In the south of China, the juniors had already learned from Wun Lung, a river was called a kiang, while in the north it was called a ho. Which had led them to inquire how a Chinaman from the north understood a Chinaman from the south, when they talked languages that differed so widely. The answer was simple—no didn't!

A magnificent harbour spread out before the eager eyes of the juniors. Ships of all nations, junks and sampans of all sorts and sizes met their view.

The long voyage was approaching its end. Hong Kong lay before them,

and soon the anchor was to drop in the great roadstead.

It was China, but that particular bit of China belonged, not to its owners, so to speak, but to Great Britain, Hong Kong being a British possession.

Which was to some extent a matter of pride to the Greyfriars juniors, though that feeling, of course, Wun Lung could not be expected to share.

Polite and urbane as he was, and deeply and sincerely attached to his English friends, the little Chinese had the opinion common to his countrymen about the "foreign devils" who had cut corners off his native land and bagged them.

Still, there was no doubt that the British had made Hong Kong what it was, turning a dreary and almost valueless island into a great commercial mart, and one of the finest and busiest ports in the world.

China certainly was not likely to lose on the bargain some day when she got it back again—if ever she did!

"That's Victoria Peak!" said Bob Cherry, pointing to the hill that rose against the blue sky. "The town's called Victoria, too."

"And that's Kowloon, on the other side," said Nugent. "That belongs to us, too."

"The hills beyond are genuine China!" said Harry.

"Is this the Canton River?" asked Johnny Bull.

"It's a branch of the river—the main stream runs between Hong Kong and Macao."

"Macao!" Johnny tried to remember his geography. "Macao's a jolly old port, but whom does it belong to?"

"The Portuguese!" said Bob.

"How the dickens did the Portuguese get hold of it?"

"Just bagged it."

"Oh!" said Johnny.

Johnny Bull had a thoughtful expression on his face. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind in his slow and methodical way.

"What's the jolly old problem?" asked Bob.

"Well, I was just thinking," said Johnny Bull slowly. "It makes a fellow feel bucked to see a big city like Hong Kong under the British flag, and to know that the British made it. But——"

"But what?"

"Well, it's rot to expect the natives to like it," said Johnny. "Seeing a thing makes it come clearer to one's mind. When I've read at home about the Chinese hating the foreign devils, as they call us, I've thought them a lot of disgruntled asses. But, dash it all, how should we like the Chinese to bag the Isle of Wight and turn it into a Chinese port?"

"My hat! Never looked at it like that!" said Bob, laughing. "But they couldn't have made Hong Kong themselves."

"That's so, of course."

"And they get a lot of benefit from it in trade and so on."

"That's so, too. But——" Johnny shook his head—"it's no good blaming them for getting their backs up—that's just natural. If I were a Chinaman——"

"Lucky you're not!" grinned Bob. "Besides, I've heard that crowds of Chinese live in Hong Kong under the British flag, because lives and property are safe there. I suppose it's one in the eye for their national dignity, but after all a man's skin comes first."

"Your pater has a house in Hong Kong, hasn't he, Wun Lung?" asked Harry Wharton.

(Continued on page 12.)



# "Half-Time" Gossip!



**T**HERE are not many new ideas concerning this game of football, but innovations are introduced from time to time, and it has already been shown this season that the officials of the big clubs are thinking about the particular needs of their supporters.

For instance, Newcastle United have installed on their ground, at considerable expense, a loud-speaker. By means of this, items of interest associated with the club and with football generally are broadcast to the waiting spectators. When late changes in the teams are made the fact is announced through the loud-speaker, which is a much more satisfactory way of doing it than by sending round a notice-board, or even forgetting to send round a board at all.

Then, when the items of interest connected with the club or the game have been gone through, the spectators at St. James's Park are entertained, with the loud-speaker as a medium, in other ways. The band, which was never very popular at many football grounds, has disappeared in consequence. The only regret which I have about this is that

*it prevents me working off a stock joke to the effect that the best players on the field on this or that occasion were the bandmen.*

Arsenal have also worked a new idea this season. They have put a clock on the stand, and it isn't an ordinary sort of clock, either. It has a three-quarters-of-an-hour face, and is set going at the start of a game, stopped at half-time, and restarted when the ball is kicked off again.

**B**EFORE proceeding to discuss the snags in this clock on the ground idea I can't resist the temptation to work off another joke. It is one of the best "Aberdeen" stories I know, and even if you have heard it before it is worth recalling.

The story goes that for an International match between England and Ireland, which was played on the Manchester United ground, a Scottish referee was appointed. Now, on the United ground they have an ordinary clock—one which tells the proper time. The Scottish referee, going on to the field, noticed that the clock was there and that it was going all right. So he stopped his watch! "It's no use using up the works," was his remark.

Joke over, we can now get back to serious discussion of the Arsenal clock.

This clock is fitted up like a stop-watch, and it was the Arsenal idea to have a man up "in the works" stopping it when the play was stopped for injuries, and thus keeping the time accurately. It was also hoped to sound a sort of "hooter" at half-time, and also at the finish of the match.

It was brought home to the Arsenal officials, however, that to make such use of the clock might lead to trouble between their spectators and the referee. The man who was working the clock might have said time was up before the referee agreed, because the official might have knocked off a certain amount of time which the man behind the clock had not knocked off. So to avoid trouble the clock merely functions now like an ordinary clock, save that only three-quarters of an hour are marked on it.

This matter of knocking off time for stoppages is left to the discretion of the referee, and I must say that there is a lack of uniformity of action in this matter. Some referees only knock time off—that is, stop their watches—when a serious injury, which necessitates a more or less prolonged stoppage, occurs.

Other referees knock off time for the shortest injury stoppage, and also for what they think are deliberate cases of kicking out with a view to wasting time. There is an instruction to referees in this connection: they are expected to knock off time when a side resorts to kicking-out tactics. But they don't always do it.

*In any case, the referee is the final judge as to whether proper time has been played,*

and in this connection I may give a bit of advice to referees. This is the necessity for a comparison, before the start of a game, of the watches of the lineemen and that of the referee. This provides a check, and a very necessary one, seeing that there have been cases known of a referee's watch stopping during the course of a game.

**I**T can be argued, quite strongly and with conviction, that it wouldn't be a bad idea if all the big football clubs copied the Arsenal's idea and had a clock fixed in a prominent position on the ground, stoppages recorded, and so on, so as to relieve the referee of any necessity for keeping time at all.

*I have certainly known instances in which a referee has missed vital things in the concluding seconds of a match because he has been, at the moment the incident happened, looking at his watch instead of looking at the play.*

But here we run up against a snag once more. If clocks were installed on every big ground with the idea of relieving the referee of the necessity for time-keeping, where is the guarantee that the club clock would be worked conscientiously and by an entirely neutral person? The clock up in the stand might be wangled; hurried on, say, during the last two or three minutes of an exciting Cup-tie when the home team was in danger of losing a lead properly gained. Of course, I am very sorry to have to suggest such a "wangle," but the temptation would be very strong—perhaps, in an isolated case or two, too strong to be resisted. So perhaps, after all, the watch of the neutral referee remains the best time-keeping method.

Arsenal, always a progressive club, have brought other new ideas into play this season. They have a big board on which is announced any alterations from the official programme, and this board is also used for other things. For example, it is used to give the state of the game the score of the home team and the visitors being duly clocked up from time to time. You may, of course, think this is a little matter, and so it is, but clearly it is of use, in case any quick goals are scored, to inform late comers to the ground how the match stands. And if the scoring at the Highbury ground is as brisk as it has been at some grounds from time to time, then it is almost necessary for somebody to keep the official score.

I have actually known matches in which the actual score was in doubt—when the referee has whistled either for half-time or for full-time as the ball has been on its way from the foot of a player towards the net. The people have not known whether or not a goal has been allowed.

The whole of these notes are inspired by letters which have reached me concerning novelties in this season's football. Send along some more letters, please!

OLD REF.

THE MAGNET LAMBERT.—No. 1,181,



# THE SCOURGE OF THE RED DRAGON!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Yes, nicey houses," assented Wun Lung. "Plenty safee under British flag. Keepee plenty money along Hong Kong Bunkoo."

"Mr. Wun Chung Lung knows something!" said Bob.

"Ma hopce father along Hong Kong now," said Wun Lung. "Ma like plenty see father, and sister Wun San, and grandfather Wun Ko."

And the Chinese junior's eyes dwelt wistfully on the city that rose from the water up the slopes of the green hill.

England, home to Harry Wharton & Co., was a land of exile to Wun Lung. His little ivory face was glowing as he looked on his native land again.

The sights that were so strange to the juniors were familiar to him, though it was long since he had beheld them. The bright sun of China streamed down on the great harbour, on the uncounted shipping, on the floots of sampans, many of them with gaudily painted sails, crowded with Chinese who called to one another in the strange monosyllabic language that was a mystery to the ears of the English juniors. Some of the sampans hailed the Silver Star as she glided in, but the yacht passed on unheeding to her anchorage.

"Nicey ole China!" said Wun Lung, with gleaming eyes. "Ma like see ole China! Ma plenty glad come home."

Ferrers Locke joined the juniors, with a smile on his face.

"Safely arrived, in spite of the Mandarin Tang Wang," he said. "How do you like your first look at China?"

"Topping!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm feeling rather bucked to think that the British made that magnificent place."

"Quite right!" said Locke.

"And Johnny thinks we mustn't blame the Chinese for getting their backs up about it."

"Quite right, too!" said Ferrers Locke, with a laugh. "One must make allowance for a natural national feeling. Nevertheless, it is a fit unate thing for very many Chinese that the British flag flies at Hong Kong. If one of the warring war-lords got hold of the place it would very soon be reduced to ruin, and become of little value to China or anyone. A country must learn to govern itself decently before it can demand to be respected by foreigners."

Locke pointed to the city, glowing in the sunshine, the swarming harbour, the stores lined with sampans crowded with Chinese.

"All that prosperity grew up under the British flag," he said. "All that busy trade, all that wealth and security would vanish if the place fell into the hands of one of the Chinese factions that are tearing their country to pieces. Thousands of Chinese, now safe under British guns, would be massacred. The British did not come here as land-grabbers, like the Portuguese at Macao, the Germans at Kiau-Chiao, and the Japanese in Korea. Hong Kong would never have existed had we been allowed to trade peaceably at Canton. The benighted Manchu Government stood in the way of trade, and Hong Kong was the result."

"But the Manchu emperors are gone now," said Bob. "China's a jolly old republic."

"It remains to be seen what the outcome will be," answered Ferrers Locke.

"A very powerful faction in China is led by the nose by the Russian Bolsheviks, and if they gain the upper

hand every decent Chinaman will be thankful that the British flag is here."

"Long may it wave!" said Bob.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, that Johnny seems jolly interested in us!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

A sampan with a silken sail painted with a red dragon was gliding by the yacht as she moved on slowly to her anchorage. A tall, powerfully-built Chinaman stood looking towards the Silver Star. He was gorgeously clad in the native costume, and wore a pigtail; evidently a man of "old China," who had nothing to do with the reform party. His black, slanting eyes were fixed on the yacht, and on the party looking over the rail, with intent interest.

The juniors glanced at him curiously. "If we weren't strangers here I should think that sportsman knew us!" said Bob.

"I have seen him before!" said Ferrers Locke.

"You know him, sir?"

"Not exactly; but I have seen him."

The tall Chinaman on the sampan, catching Locke's eyes, kow-towed to him, a low and graceful kow-tow, but with an air of mockery.

Locke gravely raised his hat in acknowledgment of the salute.

The sampan glided away.

"Who was it, Mr. Locke?" asked Wharton.

"The Mandarin Tang Wang!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Tang Wang!"

"Phew!"

With keen interest the juniors stared at the Chinaman in the sampan, now gliding away.

Tang Wang, chief of the Red Dragon Tong, the man whose name was well known to them, but whom they had never seen till now! The man whose emissaries had dogged the steps of Wun Lung across half the world, and brought him more than once within an ace of death. They looked at the hard face, which seemed moulded in iron, the glittering, ruthless black eyes, the lips that seemed set like a vice.

"So that's Tang Wang!" said Harry Wharton, with a deep breath.

Locke nodded.

"He knows we're here, then, and that his jolly old pirates did not get away with it!" said Bob Cherry. And with a cheery grin Bob waved his hat to the mandarin.

Tang Wang, looking back at the yacht as the sampan glided away, smiled. It was a slow, cruel smile that checked the grin on Bob's cheery face.

"He looks an ugly customer!" said Bob.

"He is an ugly customer!" said Ferrers Locke.

The sampan disappeared among the shipping, and Tang Wang was lost to sight. But the juniors did not soon forget the hard, yellow face, the gleaming black eyes, the tigerish smile. And it was borne in upon all their minds that, now that they had reached Hong Kong, they were not yet done with Tang Wang and the Red Dragon Tong.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Talks Chinese I

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter rolled on deck.

It was morning, and Billy Bunter, after several breakfasts rolled into one, was feeling merry and bright.

With the yacht at anchor in the roadstead at Hong Kong. William George

Bunter was able to pack away the food-stuffs without fear of disaster. Sea-sickness was over, and Bunter had been making up for the meals he had lost in the China Sea.

He blinked at the shipping, at the shore, and then at the Famous Five, and joined them at the rail.

"Nice morning, you fellows!" said Bunter.

"The niceness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!"

"What about a run ashore?" asked Bunter.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Wait till we get permission," he answered.

"I haven't come to China to be cooped up in a ship off shore!" said Bunter warmly. "If we're going up the river to Canton, we're going to have a look at Hong Kong first, I suppose."

"When Mr. Locke gives leave," said Harry.

"Oh, blow Mr. Locke!"

"Am?"

"Look here, I came out to China to protect Wun Lung and you fellows," said Bunter. "Well, you've arrived safely! I'm not asking you to thank me—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I never expected gratitude. But there it is. You've arrived safely owing to me. Now we're here, I expect you to do the decent thing. Owing to coming away from home so suddenly, I'm short of money."

"Only owing to that?" asked Bob.

"Yes. I have a lot of shopping to do, and Hong Kong is the place. Who's going to lend me ten pounds?"

"Echo answers—who?"

"I've roughed it on the voyage," said Bunter. "I'm no grouser; I can rough it. I've used your pyjamas, Wharton, and Nugent's socks, and Bull's shoes, and Bob's collars, and so on. But a fellow can't keep on like that. You can't expect it."

"We expect it when we've got you along!" grinned Bob.

"Well, if you think I'm going to put up with second hand things all the while we're in China, you're jolly well mistaken," said Bunter. "I'm going to do some shopping in Hong Kong. Why can't we go ashore?"

"Mr. Locke—"

"Oh, bother Mr. Locke! I suppose we're safe here under the British flag. What's the good of the British flag if we ain't safe under it? Might as well be some beastly foreign rag! What are you fellows afraid of?"

"Ass! The Mandarin Tang Wang is in Hong Kong," said Harry. "He was in a sampan, watching us come in yesterday."

"Who's afraid of him?" demanded Bunter.

"Well, you are, for one!"

"Yah!"

Bunter, to do him justice, was not afraid of the Mandarin Tang Wang and the whole Red Dragon Tong just then. They were not in sight. When danger was not present Bunter was as brave as a lion, and his fat brain did not envisage distant dangers. Bunter never realised anything till it happened. At the present moment he was feeling merry and bright, and utterly regardless of perils that he could not see.

"You fellows have cold feet," he said; "that's what's the matter with you! Lot I care for a dashed old mandarin! Besides, mandarins can't do anything in Hong Kong! Blow Tang Wang! I've heard that Hong Kong is a splendid place for shopping. Of course, you need money. That's where I expect my friends to stand by me."



"Go and look for them, then, and let them know!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Beast! I say, you fellows, wouldn't you like a run ashore on a lovely morning like this?" demanded Bunter.

"Of course we should, ass! But we can't go unless Mr. Locke gives us leave."

"Well, if that's all that's worrying you, I'll go and ask him!" snapped Bunter. "But I shan't take 'No' for an answer. I'm not going to stand any nonsense from a blinking detective, and I shall jolly well tell him so!"

"Yes; I think I can hear you telling Mr. Locke that!" chuckled Bob.

"Yah!"

Bunter blinked round the deck in search of Ferrers Locke.

But the Baker Street detective was not to be seen, and the fat junior rolled below to look for him.

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled. As Ferrers Locke had gone ashore several hours ago, Bunter was not likely to find him in his cabin.

Locke had left strict injunctions with the juniors to remain on the yacht—injunctions that they did not dream of disobeying. Wun Lung was not yet handed over to his father, Wun Chung Lung, and it was quite probable that the enemy would yet seek to strike some blow. The chums of the Remove were there to help, not to hinder. And if Billy Bunter insisted on going ashore without leave, they were prepared to take him by the scruff of his fat neck and enforce discipline.

The Owl of the Remove came back to the deck, grunting.

"I say, you fellows, Locke's not in his cabin!" he snapped.

"Dear me!" said Bob.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Haven't the faintest idea," answered Bob. "Somewhere in Hong Kong; but Hong Kong's a big place."

"Mean to say he's gone ashore?" roared Bunter.

"Just that!"

"You—you beast! Why didn't you tell me before I went below to look for him?" howled Bunter.

"Thought a little exercise would do you good, old fat bean!"

"Beast! So he's gone ashore himself and left us cooped up on this beastly yacht!" said Bunter discontentedly.

"Well, if he thinks I'm going to stand it, he's making a mistake! See? Might as well be back in the Form-room at Greyfriars, saying 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to old Quitch! I'm going ashore!"

"Cheese it, fathead!"

"When's Locke coming back?"

"Ask me another!"

Bunter snorted.

"Does he think we're going to hang around this beastly ship doing nothing?" he demanded. "That's not what I've come to China for! Look here, what about taking a sampan to the shore?"

"Nothing about taking a sampan to the shore."

"I'll pay!" said Bunter witheringly. "You fellows needn't be afraid of having to pay the boatman! I'll square him! Of course, one of you will have to lend me the money!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, if Wun Lung's father is

in along along, we can pay him a visit, and he will stand us lunch."

"Me no tinkee father along Hong Kong," said Wun Lung. "Me tinkee father along Canton. P'haps he come down live to meetee me."

"Mr. Locke has gone to communicate with Wun Lung's pater," said Harry. "We've got to wait till he comes back. He may be soon, or he may not be back before evening. In any case, we've got to wait."

Snort!—from Bunter.

"Well, I'm not going to wait!" he answered emphatically. "Let's go ashore! If you fellows are afraid of old Ping Pong—I mean, old Hang Bang—I'll protect you!"

Bunter waved a fat hand to a sampan that was lingering by the yacht in hope of custom. The boatman immediately brought the sampan skimming towards the yacht.

"Boatman savvy plenty. S'posee you say 'Ni chu ba'?"

"Oh, all right!"

Billy Bunter leaned over the rail and blinked at the smiling boatman.

"Ni chu ba!" he called out.

Bunter supposed that that was an order to take him ashore in the sampan. He was surprised by the effect of his remark on the boatman.

The coolie stared up at him and scowled.

"Ni chu ba!" hooted Bunter.

The boatman replied in a string of Chinese that the juniors did not understand, but which was obviously of an abusive nature.

Then he pushed off from the Silver Star, and the sampan glided away.

Bunter stared at him blankly.

"What the chump's the matter with the man?" he exclaimed. "Doesn't he know his own language? When we



"If you don't take me to the top," said Bunter, "I won't pay you a cent!" The chair slanted more and more, and there were laboured gasps from the coolies between the posts.

"You fat chump!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're not going ashore!"

"I jolly well am! Are you fellows coming?"

"No, you chump!"

"Then I'll go on my own!" answered Bunter disdainfully. "I'm not afraid of mandarins! Precious lot of funks! I'm taking that sampan, and I'll tell you what Hong Kong's like when I come back. You won't see much of China if you're going to skulk on board the yacht all the time!"

"Oh, kill him, somebody!" said Bob Cherry.

The sampan ranged under the yacht's rail, and the boatman looked up.

"Tell me what to say to him in Chinese, Wun Lung," said Bunter.

"Me tellee," said Wun Lung blandly. "You sayee 'Ni chu ba!'"

"Ni chu ba!" repeated Bunter. "My hat, what a language! Mean to say that that means anything!"

were in France I couldn't make the natives understand French. It seems just the same in China. Here, you silly Chinese fathead, ni chu ba!" roared Bunter.

A volley of abuse answered, and the sampan glided out of hearing. Bunter snorted with annoyance.

He crossed over to the other rail, to signal to another sampan. The juniors smiled.

"What does 'ni chu ba' really mean, Wun Lung?" asked Bob.

Wun Lung chuckled.

"Meanees 'you goey away,'" he answered. "Same as you say in English, hook it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

Bunter had hailed another sampan. It bumped up to the yacht, and Bunter talked in Chinese a.m.n.

"Ni chu ba!" he said

(Continued on page 16.)

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# THE SCOURGE OF THE RED DRAGON!

(Continued from page 13.)

The man in the sampan, no doubt under the impression that the foreign devil was making a fool of him, first calling him to the ship, and then telling him to go away, scowled ferociously.

He picked an orange out of the bottom of the sampan. It was an ancient orange, uneatable even by a Chinese. But it came in useful for the sampan cocho's purpose.

Whiz!

"Yooooooooop!" roared Bunter, as the mouldy orange burst all over his fat features. "Grooogh! Hooogh! Ow!"

He sat down suddenly on the deck.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Grooogh! Oh, my hat! I say, you fellows, is the man mad? Are they all mad in China? Ow! Ooooooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Oh dear! I'm all sticky and squashy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

Billy Bunter rolled away in search of a wash; he needed one.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Means Business!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. did not find the time hang heavy on their hands. Certainly, they would have liked to run ashore, to explore Hong Kong from the busy city by the sea to the summit of the Peak—from one end to the other of the almost unending Connaught Road, and the regions that lay behind. But they found plenty of entertainment in watching the busy life of the harbour—for the present, at least—and they waited with patience for kerrers Locke to return.

Not for a moment did they think of disregarding his instructions and going ashore "on their own." They remembered what had happened at Singapore, when the agents of Tang Wang had kidnapped two of their party, hoping thereby to get Wun Lung into their hands. Any similar mischance at Hong Kong might mean serious trouble for the Baker Street detective. So they watched Hong Kong from afar, and were content.

Not so William George Bunter.

Bunter had been one of the fellows kidnapped at Singapore and he had had a narrow escape. But lessons were lost on W. G. Bunter. He was convinced that he was quite safe at Hong Kong, chiefly because he wanted to go ashore. Bunter had a wonderful faculty for believing what he wanted to believe.

It was one of his many gifts that he could see only what was just under his fat nose.

So after he had washed the orange from his fat features, Billy Bunter came on deck again and hailed another sampan. By this time he suspected that Wun Lung had been pulling his fat leg, and he did not talk any more Chinese.

There were plenty of sampans plying for hire in the harbour, and Bunter had only to wave a fat hand. A boat glided under the rail of the yacht at once.

"Now, you fellows, for the last time, are you going to lend me any money?"

"The answer is in the esteemed negative, my worthy Bunter."

"I've only got thirty bob left of the money you lent me at Folkestone," said

Bunter. "Thirty bob won't go far in Hong Kong."

"That's all right," said Bob. "You won't go far, either."

"I'm going ashore, you beast!"

"You're not, fathead!"

"I jolly well am!" roared Bunter.

"Mr. Locke's orders—"

"Blow, Mr. Locke!"

Billy Bunter prepared to heave himself into the waiting sampan. Harry Wharton & Co. prepared to heave him down the saloon stairs.

But Mr. Green, the mate, saved them the trouble. He took Bunter by the collar and jerked him back from the rail.

"What the dickens are you doing?" he demanded.

"I'm going ashore!" hooted Bunter.

"Against orders. Stay where you are."

"I'm not under orders here!" snapped Bunter. "I can do as I jolly well like—see?"

Mr. Green looked at him.

"Go below!" he said.

"Think you can give orders to a passenger?" snorted Bunter. "Who are you, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Green did not state who he was, but he demonstrated that he could give orders to a passenger.

He took Bunter by a fat shoulder, twirled him away, and kicked him. Bunter went down into the saloon with a rush.

"Yarooooop!" floated up from below, in tones of anguish.

Mr. Green grunted and walked away. All through the voyage, from far Marseilles, Mr. Green had desired to kick Bunter. Now he had done it. He seemed satisfied; though, to judge by the roar from below, Billy Bunter was far from satisfied.

Bunter did not venture back to the deck. He disliked Mr. Green's boot extremely.

A wrathful and milky Bunter remained below, brooding on his wrongs. It was about an hour later that, from one of the saloon ports, he saw Mr. Green go ashore in one of the shore boats.

Then Bunter was up and doing again. Mr. Green was gone, and his boots had gone with him, and Bunter was free to do as he liked, if the Famous Five did not intervene.

Bunter had a strong suspicion that they would intervene. He realised that he had to use strategy to get off the Silver Star. The beasts were quite capable of kicking him down the companion, as the other beast had done.

He rolled out on deck again.

Harry Wharton & Co. were seated in a row of deckchairs, at the rail facing the city across the harbour waters.

"I saw, you fellows!" called out Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"I'm going to have a nap till Locke comes back—"

"Good!"

"Wake me up when he comes back, you beast!"

"Right-ho!"

Bunter tramped noisily down the stairs. Then he crept up again on tip toe.

He blinked cautiously towards the chums of the Remove. Their backs were towards him, and they did not turn their heads.

Bunter tiptoed to the rail on the other side.

There he waved his fat hand to yet one more sampan boatman. The sampan glided up.

Bunter gave a last cautious blink round at the deckchairs. The juniors were chatting cheerily, while they

watched the harbour and the city and the green-clothed Peak; and they were not thinking of Bunter. In the belief that he was taking one of his many lengthy naps, they supposed that he was safe below.

Bunter grinned.

With unusual activity—it was a time to be active—he swung over into the waiting sampan, and pointed to the shore.

The sampan glided away.

Bunter chuckled.

Several of the yacht's crew had seen him go, but they gave him no attention; Bunter's proceedings were no business of theirs.

"Quick!" said Bunter, with a blink at the yacht.

"Yes, sir!" said the sampan man.

"Oh, you speak English?" said Bunter.

The Chinaman grinned and showed a fine set of teeth.

"Yes, sar! Speakes English! Fina sampan, sar! Takes honourable white lord along Hong Kong, ten dollars, sar."

Bunter made no reply to that.

He had no intention of paying ten dollars to be taken ashore. But it was safer to leave that point to be argued later.

"Back up!" he said. "I mean be quick! I'm in a hurry."

"Plenty quick, sar."

As the sampan drew farther and farther away from the yacht and headed for the distant pier, it came within the line of vision of the juniors seated in the deckchairs on the Silver Star.

Bob Cherry gave a sudden shout, and jumped up.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter!"

"My hat!" Harry Wharton leaped from his chair. "Bunter!" He stared after the sampan. "The fat idiot—"

"Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry. "You fat villain! Come back! I'll come after you and burst you! Come back, you cheeky, fat slug!"

Bob's powerful voice carried across the water and reached Bunter's ears. The fat junior looked round and grinned at the row of angry and indignant faces at the yacht's rail.

Wharton waved to him.

"Come back!" he roared.

"Yah!" Bunter's reply floated back.

"Yah! Go and eat coco! Yah!"

"You fat chump—"

"Ha, ho, ho!"

The captain of the Grayfriars Remove set his lips. Bunter was going—he was nearly gone!

"We—we can't go after him!" exclaimed Harry. "We could take a sampan and follow him—"

"He would beat us to the pier," said Nugent. "He's got a long start. Besides, Mr. Locke told us not to leave the ship."

"That fat fool will get into some trouble—"

"Can't be helped."

"Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry. "You wily ass! Come back! Do you hear, you frabjous cuckoo! Come back!"

Bunter grinned.

He put a fat thumb to his nose and extended the fingers of his right hand. Then he put the thumb of his left to the little finger of his right, and extended the fingers of that hand also.

That was Bunter's parting salute.

The juniors breathed hard.

"If I could reach the fat villain, I—I—I'd burst him all over Hong Kong!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The burstfulness would be terrific!" said Harree Jamset Ram Singh.



"The fat idiot—"

"The benighted dummy—"

"The—the—the—oh, there isn't a word for him!" growled Johnny Bull. In intense exasperation, the juniors watched Bunter's sampan disappear. There was no help for it; he was out of reach, and they could do nothing.

Billy Bunter sat down again, and grinned cheerfully. He knew how exasperated the Famous Five were feeling and that added to his satisfaction. He was in quite a happy mood as the sampan ran him ashore to Blake's Pier. There he landed.

"Ten dollee, sar!" said the sampan's owner.

Bunter sniffed.

What the fare was for a sampan ashore, Bunter did not know; but he was the last fellow in the world to be swindled in such matters. He was aware that a sampan man would extract from a passenger just as much as he could and consider himself rather clever for having cheated a foreign devil. Bunter handed him an English shilling.

The coolie stared at it.

"You give me ten dollee, sar!" he exclaimed. "You payee sampan! Yes, sar! You give me five dollee."

"Rats!" said Bunter.

"This Chinese velly pool man, sar!" said the coolie. "No got plenty rice! You payee this Chinese four dollee."

"Bosh!" said Bunter.

"Three dollee, sar!"

The cost of transit was evidently coming down fast.

"Go and eat coke!" said Bunter.

"No savvy coke, sar; Chinese eat rice," said the sampan man. "You give this pool Chinese two dollee."

"Think again!" said Bunter.

"One dollee, sar!"

"Rubbish!"

But at one dollar the sampan man had apparently approximated to something like the right figure, for he became extremely excited and interposed as Bunter essayed to walk away.

"You payee dollee!" he roared.

"Look here, get out of the way!" hooted Bunter. "Don't you be cheeky to a white man, you yellow-coloured heathen."

"You payee one dollee."

"No!" roared Bunter. "Here! I say, keep off! Oh, my hat!" For the coolie was brandishing his push-pole now in a very threatening manner.

"You payee one dollee!"

"Beast!"

Bunter handed over the required dollar. He did not like the look of the rolling eyes and the brandished push-pole. Then he walked hurriedly away and started to see Hong Kong.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Ashore in Hong Kong!

**B**ILLY BUNTER rolled along the Connah's Quay, which was more like an esplanade than a road, blinking round him as he rolled, and presently turned away from the sea into the town. He was feeling quite cheery and bright; highly satisfied with himself for having got ashore without permission, and quite regardless of any possible consequences—till they came to hand.

He was quite entertained by the sights and sounds of the busy streets of Hong Kong; the mingled crowds of all races—English, American, Chinese, Japanese, Hindoo, Sikh, Parsee, Jew, Armenian, and many others that Bunter had hardly heard of. There were

shops—plenty of shops—where Bunter would have been very pleased to do a lot of shopping; if those beasts on board the Silver Star had only supplied him with the necessary cash. But they hadn't; and with only a small handful of silver dollars, Bunter's shopping had to be limited.

But he dropped into one establishment and brought a crimson cummerbund which caught his eye, and forthwith donned it. It had caught Bunter's eyes in the shop; and after it was on Bunter, it caught many eyes. Plenty of people wore cummerbunds, but of all the cummerbunds in Hong Kong, Bunter's was certainly the most brilliant and striking.

Heads turned to glance at him; and Bunter lifted his fat chin a little higher. He had no doubt that the natives of Hong Kong took him for a very distinguished foreigner; probably for a nobleman. Bunter had always had a secret conviction that he looked like a nobleman; at least, like a nobleman ought to look, if genuinely noble. It pleased him to see that innumerable glances were turned in his direction; and the smiles of several Chinese girls pleased him still more. He smirked.

Having read a good deal about the seclusion of Chinese women, Bunter was rather surprised to see Chinese girls walking about in short skirts, some of them smoking cigarettes. These, evidently, were the "new women" of China—plentifully represented in Hong Kong.

Most of the Chinamen he passed wore European clothes, and very few of them sported pigtails. So far as the "modern" China was concerned, the queues had gone out with the emperors.

The pigtail, indeed, was a Manchu custom, introduced into China by the conquerors; and it was natural that, having got rid of the Manchu the Chinese should get rid of the pigtail also.

But Hong Kong, after all, was hardly China. There were vast inland regions very lightly touched by the "reform" craze.

Rickshaw men hailed Bunter; but remembering his adventure in Singapore in a rickshaw, he declined to take one of those handy carriages. Neither could a rickshaw have pulled

Bunter to the top of the Peak, which was his destination. Ferrers Locke had told the juniors of the magnificent view to be obtained from the top of the Peak; and Bunter was going to tell the other fellows about it when he went back to the Silver Star—rubbing it in, as it were, and making them wish that they had come along with him. Bunter did not particularly want their company; but he would have been glad of somebody to foot the little bills.

However, a first-class return ticket by cable tramway up the hill was only half-a-dollar, and nobody else being

there to pay it, Bunter paid it himself and boarded the cable car.

It was a steep ascent up the Peak; and Bunter's fat heart was in his mouth more than once. In the steepest places the gradient was one foot in two, and at such spots Bunter wished that he hadn't started. He could not help wondering what would happen if the cable broke.

But it did not break, even under the strain of Bunter's weight. He landed, and blinked round him.

He was looking for the magnificent view.

Scenery, however, did not really appeal to Billy Bunter. All he could see from his present high elevation was the city spread below, the vast harbour crowded with shipping, Kowloon across the water, and the great mountains of China beyond.

Certainly it was a wonderful sight, but it was lost on Bunter. He blinked at it and sniffed.

"Blessed if that's worth coming up here for!" he said. And he started to walk round, to see what was to be seen.

The terraced sides of the hill were laid out in roads and gardens, with white-walled houses peering from the greenery. Roads leading from one level to another were lined with huge trees. Even Bunter thought it looked rather nice.

But he found it boastfully hilly.

Bunter was not a good walker; exertion of any sort did not appeal to him. And he had already walked a good deal.

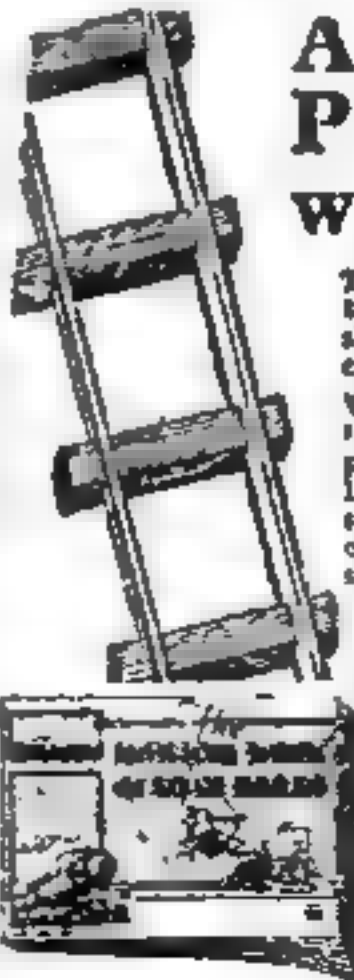
He would have been glad of a rickshaw now, in spite of his memory of the adventure of Singapore. But there were no rickshaws to be had.

The alternative was a "chair."

Sedan-chairs, carried by coolies, Bunter found to be a common mode of conveyance in Hong Kong. And he decided at last on a chair.

Near one of the cable car stopping-places he found coolies and chairs in abundance; and three or four coolies greeted him at once as he rolled up, all of them shrieking out the particular merits of themselves and their chairs.

Bunter rolled into the nearest, and sat down. The two coolies to whom that "chiao-tzu" belonged looked at him. They had secured Bunter as a customer; but, having secured him, they seemed rather in doubt whether they could carry on. Certainly no "chiao-tzu" (Continued on next page.)



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tru" in Hong Kong had ever carried such a weight before.

Bunter blinked out at them.

"Well, why don't you start?" he asked.

"Where you goey, sar?"

"All over the top of the Peak!" said Bunter cheerfully. "Take me right up, you know."

The coolie looked at him again, and spoke to his companion in his own tongue. Other coolies gathered round, grinning and cackling. They did not seem to be sorry, after all, that they had lost this customer.

"Two dollee, sar!" said the chairman.

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter.

And the coolies took the handles of the chair, and assayed to lift.

There was an ominous creak, but that was the only result. Bunter was too much for them.

"For goodness' sake get going!" snapped Bunter. He was getting tired of the grinning and cackling of the crowd of coolies.

"Wanchee mole coolie, sar!" gasped the man. "Two coolie no can do!"

"All right; I don't mind."

Two more coolies joined up. With two men fore and two men aft, so to speak, the sedan-chair was lifted from the ground, with Bunter in it.

It creaked and groaned. Obviously that chair never had been designed to carry a member of the tribe of Bunter.

Fortunately, it did not give way—though the coolies nearly did. They staggered along with Bunter.

Beautiful as the terraced sides of Victoria Peak undoubtedly are, it is equally undoubted that they are very steep. In former days, before the cable cars ran, four coolies were needed to carry a man up the steep roads to the summit of the Peak, the roads being too steep for wheeled vehicles, even rickshaws.

And of all the passengers that ever had been carried along the steep paths on the Peak, it was probable that William George Bunter was the weightiest.

Those four coolies were certainly earning their money.

Bunter did not mind.

He found that a chair was a quite comfortable means of conveyance—for the passenger, of course. It could not possibly be comfortable for the bearers, with Bunter in the chair.

Bunter lolled back at his ease, devouring some sticky Chinese sweetmeats he had bought in the town below. The four coolies sweated and laboured and panted.

They kept on the level as much as they could, avoiding ascents. But Bunter was not going to be "done." He was going up higher, and he could see no reason why he shouldn't go higher, so long as he was not called upon to exert his own fat limbs.

He put his head out through the side of the sedan-chair window.

"Hero, you lary blighters, that's the way!" said Bunter, pointing to a narrow, steep path that ran between garden walls. "Up you go! Right to the top—see?"

"Oh, sar!"

"Don't slack, you blighted heathen!" said Bunter, in disdain.

"No savvy slack, sar! Me goey!" said the unhappy coolie.

The chair turned into the steep path, and the four Chinamen laboured up. Bunter grinned. He was making the beggars work!

There was no doubt at all that he was making them work! Probably they had never worked so hard before in all the hard-working life of a coolie.

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Perspiration streamed down their scantily-clad bodies, and they panted and puffed and blew. Half-way up the steep path they stopped, and the English-speaking coolie addressed Bunter.

"Honourable lord, you like goey down?"

Bunter shook his head.

"Me like goey up!" he grinned.

"Can do!" groaned the coolie.

And up they went again. The steep path rose steeper, and the poles on which the chair was hung slanted at a very sharp angle. Bunter leaned forward, fearful of falling backwards, chair and all. That would have been rather disastrous for the two coolies behind, though Bunter was not thinking of them.

There was another pause. The English-speaking coolie turned an almost anguished face on the honourable lord in the chair.

"Please, sar, plenty high up!" he said.

"Get on with it!" answered Bunter.

"You wanchee go down, sar!"

"Me wanchee go up!" grinned Bunter. "Up you go! If you don't take me right to the top, I won't pay you a cent."

"Can do!" gasped the Chinaman.

But though he said "can do," it began to look doubtful whether he could. The chair slanted more and more, and there were laboured gasps from the two coolies between the poles behind. And then the spirit moved Bunter to look back!

That did it!

There was a wild howl from the coolies behind. They were already at the limit of endurance, and when Bunter's terrific weight was flung back in the chair, they crumpled up.

Crash!

Two coolies went sprawling. The chair crashed down. Two poles snapped off like sticks, and the chair, with Bunter in it, rolled down the steep path.

"Yarooooogh!"

The yell that Billy Bunter uttered as he felt himself rolling must have awakened all the echoes of Hong Kong and Kowloon, if not all those of the whole province of Kwang-Tung.

Bump, bump, bump!

Gasps and shouts came from the coolies, clustered on the path, staring down in horror and dismay after the rolling chair.

Frightful howls proceeded from William George Bunter.

Bump! Bang! Crash!

"Yaroooo! Help! Fire! Murder! Whooooooop!"

Crash!

It was the final crash; and Billy Bunter, restored to liberty, sat in the midst of wreckage, and roared.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Over the Garden Wall!

"WHOOOOOP!"

Bunter roared.

He hardly knew what had happened. It seemed to him that several typhoons and earthquakes had happened all at once.

But it was not quite so bad as that.

The chair had smashed, and lay wrecked round Bunter as he sat and roared. Bunter's first impression was that he was killed; his second, that he was fearfully injured. Later, he discovered that he was not much hurt, though he was very much shaken, and had a few bumps.

He staggered to his feet.

Down the steep path came the four coolies. Perhaps they were anxious about Bunter. Certainly they were anxious about the chair.

They gathered round the Owl of the Remove.

"Owl! You silly brutes!" roared Bunter, glaring at them through his big spectacles. "You silly fatheads! What did you drop me for?"

"Plenty solly, sar! You payee along that chair."

"What!" hooted Bunter.

"You payee twenties dollee, sar."

"You cheeky beast!" roared Bunter in great indignation. Not only had the coolies let him roll downhill, but they expected him to pay for the chair that had been smashed! This seemed to Bunter like adding insult to injury. "You cheeky heathen! I've a jolly good mind to kick you! Think I'm going to pay you for nearly breaking my neck!"

"You payee twenties dollee, sar, along that chair!" persisted the owner of the wrecked property.

"Go and eat oaks!" roared Bunter.

As Bunter did not possess twenty dollars, or anything like that sum, he could hardly have met the demand had he been so inclined. But he was not so inclined.

"You payee, sar!"

"Rats!"

Bunter turned to walk away.

Immediately the four coolies surrounded him. Up to now they had been civil and obliging, and certainly they had worked hard. Now they began to look very ugly indeed.

"You payee along that chair, sar!" shouted the English-speaking coolie; and the others shouted in Chinese.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

He blinked round him anxiously. There was no one in sight. The path ran between garden walls, over the tops of which branches hung. It was evidently not a much-frequented path, and at the present moment Billy Bunter and his bearers had it to themselves.

He realised that he was in a lonely place, with four angry and exasperated natives, and he was alarmed.

"You payee, sar!" shouted the coolie.

"You tinkie bleak nicey chair, sar, nicey handsome chair belong me, and no payee, sar! Oh, no, sar! You payee twenties dollee along that chair, sar."

And a chorus in Chinese followed.

"Look here, I'll pay you two dollars!" gasped Bunter.

"You payee twenties dollee."

"I—I can't! I jolly well won't! I didn't break your beastly chair!" howled Bunter. "You've jolly nearly killed me! I'll have you run in! Go away! I'm done with you!"

"You payee, sar!" The coolie approached closer to Bunter, with a very ugly look on his face. "Yes, sar! Honourable lord payee along that chair! Payee plenty cash! Yes, sar."

Bunter jumped back.

"Look here, you cheeky beast——"

The coolie followed him up and stretched out a claw-like hand to grasp him. The man was angry and excited, and it was plain that there was going to be serious trouble if Bunter did not foot the bill. All the money Bunter had would not have settled it; and he had no desire whatever to part with all the money he had. But he blinked at the four threatening faces, and his fat heart sank. It occurred to him just then that he would have preferred to be safe on board the Silver Star in Hong Kong harbour.



The Chinese servants drew near Ferrers Locke, bowing meekly, then suddenly they leapt on the detective like so many tigers!



"You payee, sar!" The claw clutched Bunter's shoulder.

Bunter realised, with a thrill of horror, that he was going to be roughly handled.

"I—I say, hold on—I—I mean, leggo! I—I—I'll pay!" he gasped. "I—I meant to pay, of course."

"You payee, sar, allee light."

And the coolie released Bunter's shoulder and stepped back.

The next instant Bunter had taken to his heels.

There was a yell behind him.

With a speed that was remarkable, considering the weight he had to carry, Bunter tore down the steep path towards the lower road.

His sudden flight seemed to take the coolies by surprise for a moment. But only for a moment. Then they came yelling after him.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He fairly flew.

He spun round a corner of the path where it turned abruptly and yelled as he ran into an overhanging branch over a garden wall.

"Ow! Yow! Wow!"

Behind him came pattering naked feet.

What would happen to him if the

coolies overtook him. Bunter did not know. But he knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it would be something distinctly unpleasant. And he knew, too, that he had no more chance in a race with a coolie than a tortoise in a race with a hare. Necessity is the parent of invention: dire danger quickened Bunter's faculties. Even as he howled, colliding with the thick overhanging branch, he acted—without stopping to think! He grabbed the branch and, with an activity he had never displayed before, swung himself up.

How he did it, Bunter never knew! Any of the Famous Five could have swung himself to the top of the garden wall by the hanging branch with ease. But acrobatic stunts like that were not in Bunter's line. He had too much to lift.

But he did it! The patter of feet behind inspired him with an activity and strength that amazed himself.

Almost before he knew what he had done he was on the tiled top of the garden wall; in another second he had dropped on the inner side.

He dropped into a mass of flowering shrubs, and lay gasping and listening. Patter, patter, patter came the bare feet

of the coolies round the corner. They pattered on.

The Owl of Grevfriars panted with relief. They did not even know that he had swung himself over the wall, and they were running on in search of him farther on.

"Oh crikey!" panted Bunter.

The running feet died into silence.

Bunter sat up and blinked round him.

He had had no time to consider anything but escape, with the exasperated coolies after him. Now he began to consider. Into whose garden he had so unceremoniously plunged he had not the faintest idea. He knew that he was in a wealthy residential district of Victoria City, the garden belonged, in all probability, to the house of some rich merchant of Hong Kong. On the other hand, it might belong to some rich Chinaman; and little as Bunter knew of China and Chinese customs, he knew that it was a perilous business to butt into a Chinaman's private preserves. And he very carefully kept in the cover of the shrub while he blinked round him.

The garden was large and rich with flowers. There was a pond and a bridge and a fountain, and near the water was



a building that was strange to Hunter's eyes, with many roofs rising one above another, which he knew, from pictures he had seen, to be a pagoda. At a much greater distance he had a glimpse of a large building through the trees.

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter.

The pagoda in the garden seemed to hint that the place belonged to a Chinese. There was no one to be seen in the garden; it seemed deserted.

Bunter rose to his feet at last. There was not much wisdom in Bunter's composition, but he realised that if it was a Chinaman's garden into which he had dropped, the sooner he got out of it the better it would be for him. And he was about to climb the tree by the wall when there came a sound of pattering feet on the other side.

The coolies were coming back! He could hear their panting voices along with the pattering of naked feet.

Bunter promptly dropped back into the shrubs again.

So long as those beasts were hunting for him he could not get out of the garden. It was not safe to stay where he was, but it was no use falling out of the frying pan into the fire. He squatted in the shrubs, with a palpitating fat heart, and listened.

The panting voices, the pattering footsteps, passed on. But a few minutes later Bunter heard them again. Again they died away. Apparently the coolies were puzzled by his disappearance and were hunting him up and down and round about.

Billy Bunter groaned.

He dared not climb out over the wall. On the other hand, he dared not remain where he was.

Again he blinked over the sunny garden. No one was to be seen. He crept out of the shrubs, and trod along a path that led by the pagoda. He blinked to the right, and he blinked to the left, as he trod. There must be a gate somewhere, and if he could only find the gate, before he was found in the garden—

"Oh crying!"

Over a flowering bush, a large Chinese hat loomed into view. Bunter gazed at

it in terror. The bush hid the wearer from his sight; but the hat was moving in his direction.

It was too late to dodge back to the shrubbery. He blinked round wildly; the open doorway of the pagoda was at hand. Bunter darted into the pagoda, and vanished.

A few moments more and footsteps passed the doorway. To Bunter's intense relief, they passed on. He had not been seen.

But that he would be seen, if he emerged from the pagoda, was pretty certain. Bunter skulked in the shadowy interior of the little building, and groaned.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER

### Caught in the Snare!

**T**HE half-caste clerk fanned himself as he came out of Mr. Wun Chung Lung's office in Hong Kong with Ferrers Locke. It was hot in Hong Kong; and Mr. Pong affected to feel the heat very greatly as a sort of concession to the European half of him. Ferrers Locke looked as cool as ice. In the street a chair was waiting, with four brawny coolies. They bowed respectfully to the white man; but their eyes fixed on the half-caste.

Mr. Pong, dressed in striped trousers, a tail-coat, and a bowler hat, looked quite European, except for his face and his fan. He changed his fan from his right hand to his left, and raised his bowler hat politely and deprecatingly to the Englishman as he addressed him.

"Mr. Wun is a thousand times devoted," he said. "But a small accident to his honourable ankle confines him to his house."

Locke nodded.

Mr. Pong had already explained this to him several times in the office; but Locke had been in Asia before, and he was used to the endless repetitions of Asiatics. He expected Mr. Pong to go on talking so long as a listener was in the office.

"Mr. Wun is eager to see the honourable English lord-one!" went on Mr.

Pong. "He gave his esteemed instructions to this humble person. The chair waits to take you to his house on the peak. Yet once more I would say that Mr. Wun expects to see his son with your lordship."

"Wun Lung remains on the yacht," answered Locke briefly.

"If it is the will of the honourable one," said Mr. Pong, "a sampan could be dispatched to the yacht—"

Locke shook his head.

"It is not for this poor person to advise," said Mr. Pong. "Yet I would hint that Mr. Wun will be disappointed not to see his son, after so long a separation."

"I shall not bring Wun Lung ashore until I have seen his father," answered Ferrers Locke. "Tell the bearers to make haste."

He stepped into the chair and sat down.

Mr. Pong addressed the coolies. He spoke in Chinese, every word of which was heard and comprehended by Locke. He was directing them to carry the English lord to Mr. Wun Chung Lung's house on the peak, and to exercise the greatest care with their honourable and priceless burden.

The bearers grasped the poles and swung up the chair, and started off. The business quarter of the city was soon left behind, and the coolies threaded a steep path leading up the slopes of Victoria Peak.

Ferrers Locke sat in the chair, glancing out occasionally at the view on either side; the bamboo roof sheltering him from the blaze of the sun, in which the coolies panted and sweated.

Locke would have preferred to take the cable cars up the hill; but as Mr. Wun Chung Lung had apparently made all arrangements for him, he fell in with them without question.

He was anxious to see Wun Lung's father as soon as possible. Whether the Chinese merchant was still up at Canton, or whether he had come down the river to Hong Kong to meet the Silver Star, Locke had not known when he landed from the yacht. He had proceeded as soon as possible to Mr. Wun Chung Lung's office, where Mr. Pong, the merchant's confidential clerk appeared to be expecting him.

Mr. Pong had explained that the merchant was in Hong Kong, but remaining in his private residence in the Peak district, owing to a slight accident. And Mr. Pong had rather insisted that Mr. Wun expected to see his son at the earliest possible moment, and suggested several times over that Wun Lung should be sent for from the yacht, to accompany the detective to Mr. Wun's house.

On that point, however, Locke's mind was made up; Wun Lung was not leaving the Silver Star, except in the presence of his father, and in his father's care. Not till he had seen Mr. Wun, and made every possible arrangement for the boy's safety, would Locke allow him to leave the security of the yacht.

The chair swung on and upward, borne on the shoulders of the four brawny coolies.

Ferrers Locke had been in Hong Kong before; but he looked from either side of him with keen appreciation of the scenes of beauty that burst on his view from every turn of the road.

Glimpses of the great harbour, of the Chinese city on Kowloon across the water, the city of Hong Kong at his feet—tropical verdure on all sides—roads laid out like well-appointed private grounds; it was a scene of which the eye did not soon tire.

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Higher and higher swung the chair, till it stopped at last at a great gateway in a high wall.

The gate stood open, giving a view of a large garden bright with flowers, with a lake, crossed by a strangely-shaped bridge, and a pagoda standing near the bridge. Beyond, on a higher terrace, stood a large house. Several Chinese servants, in rich attire, kow-towed to the ground as the bearers walked in with the chair. The gate closed behind with a heavy clang.

Arrived at the mansion, the coolies stopped and lowered the poles, and the chair rested on the ground. Locke stepped out.

A Chinaman in gorgeous garb, glowing like a huge butterfly in petticoats of variegated silks, met him, and kow-towed, almost touching the earth with his forehead.

Locke did not smile; Chinese etiquette required the utmost gravity. Having kow-towed thrice, with billowing skirts, the Chinaman—apparently a sort of butler or major-domo—addressed him in English.

"Will the honourable one deign to walk into the humble, hovel-like dwelling of his wretched slave?" he asked.

"Mr. Wun Chung Lung is at home?" asked Locke.

"My lord expects the English lord in the ko-tang," said the Chinaman. "If the great and glorious one will condescend to enter this miserable hovel—"

He led the way round the devil-screen that guarded the entrance, and Locke entered the house.

The Chinaman, with a succession of bows, ushered him through two or three gorgeously-decorated halls, and finally into the guest-hall, the ko-tang.

The ko-tang was empty.

"Will the respected lord-one deign to seat himself on this loathsome chair while I inform my master that he has shed the light of his glorious countenance on this miserable house?"

Locke sat down.

The Chinaman glided away with a rustle of silken skirts.

The Baker Street detective waited, glancing round the ko-tang. It was a large apartment, the floor a mosaic of curious stones, the ceiling high, the walls decorated with painted sprays of lilies. Two or three priceless Ming jars stood about the room, and from their interiors, crammed with rose-leaves, came a pleasant scent.

There were several doorways, covered with slatted curtains. From one of these several Chinese servants entered the room with noiseless steps. They bore lacquer trays containing refreshments in tiny lacquer bowls. Their heads were bent humbly as they approached the white man.

Seldom, or never, had Ferrers Locke been taken by surprise in the course of a career of adventure and danger. But this time the Baker Street detective had to admit that he was taken entirely and hopelessly off his guard.

For, as the half-dozen Chinese drew near him, bowing meekly, all of a sudden they dropped the lacquer trays and leaped on the detective like so many tigers.

Before even the quick-witted Baker Street detective knew what was happening, their hands closed on him, grasping him on all sides, and he was a prisoner.

Locke leaped to his feet—in the grasp of sinewy hands! He stood in the midst of his assailants—helpless! Both his arms were firmly grasped, and he had no chance of getting at his automatic.

His eyes blazed.

Even yet he did not grasp the treachery to which he had been a victim. But as a tall man in gorgeous robes entered the ko-tang by another door he understood.

For the man who entered was the Mandarin Tang Wang!

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Detective's Doom!

"TANG WANG!"

Ferrers Locke uttered the name involuntarily.

The mandarin smiled; the slow, cruel smile that Locke knew so well.

the servants glided from the ko-tang and disappeared.

The mandarin seated himself on a silken-brocaded couch, facing his prisoner. Locke stood silent.

His face was calm. Not the flicker of an eyelid betrayed his feelings.

"I regret," said Tang Wang, "this discourteous reception of so distinguished a guest, who honours my humble abode with his glorious presence."

"Come to the point!" said Ferrers Locke crisply. "I understand, now, that this house does not belong to Wun Lung's father."

"This wretched house, such as it is, is mine!" assented Tang Wang. "The honourable dwelling of the Canton merchant is far from here."

## GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

### No. 13.

Our long-haired poet is still going great guns. This week his facile pen treats of Frank Nugent, perhaps the best-looking chap at Greyfriars.



**D**EAR MATE, — I hope you are bonny —  
A hope that is echoed all round;

By Harry and Hurree and Johnny,  
And Cherry, my comrades renowned.  
They're helping me pen this effusion,  
Four tongues are all wagging at once;  
So if there are signs of confusion  
It isn't because I'm a dunce!

Says Wharton: "Your matter's a ripper  
For sending a hamper so prime!  
We were down to our very last kipper—  
It saved us from starving in time!"  
Says Cherry: "The cake was delicious—  
A poem—a dream—a delight!  
That fat pirate Bunter was vicious  
To find himself balked of a bite!"

Johnny Bull, with a passion for patties,  
Ate six—I believe it was nine!—  
Then he loosened his belt and said:  
"That is  
A feast of the gods—it's divine!"  
And Inky, our dusky-skinned brother,  
Whose speech is the subject of sport,  
Says: "Please tell your ludicrous mother  
That she is a brickful good sort!"

I'm keeping an eye on young Dick,  
He rather resents it, I think;  
His features are jummy and sticky,  
His collar's bespattered with ink.  
And often he causes convulsion,  
And drives Mr. Twigg to despair;  
But so long as he dodges expulsion  
The reckless young rascal won't care!

We're going great guns at the Soccer,  
Six triumphs successively, mind!  
But Skinner, who's rather a mocker,  
Declares our opponents were blind!  
However, we conquered at Courisfield,  
And at Highcliff our prowess did prove;  
And very few teams on the sport field  
Can vanquish the Greyfriars Remove!

I'll send you the other news later  
(Provided I've any to tell);  
Please give my regards to the pater,  
And Dick's good wishes as well.  
My chums are all eagerly waiting  
For me to take part in a prank;  
I hope it won't end in a gating  
For your most affectionate FIFTEEN!

"You know me, Mr. Locke?" he said, in perfect English.

"I do!" said Locke.

He knew it all now. He knew how he had been tricked and trapped. The house into which he had been brought was not the house of Wun Chung Lung. It was the house of the mandarin.

Tang Wang spoke shortly and sharply to his servants in Chinese. Cords were drawn round the detective, binding his arms down to his sides.

He made no attempt at resistance. It was useless. In the grasp of the half dozen Chinese, he could scarcely move a finger. Round and round the detective, the cords were drawn and knotted, till he stood helpless.

Then at a sign from Tang Wang,

"And Mr. Wun's confidential clerk, Pong, is in your pay?" said Ferrers Locke.

The mandarin smiled.

"Say, rather, that Pong is a member of the Red Dragon tong," he answered. "He is a useful servant of the tong, and never more useful than to-day. Mr. Wun is still at Canton, my honourable friend; and I doubt whether he knows that your yacht has arrived at Hong Kong. Certainly no word has been sent to him from his home here. It is I, Tang Wang, who give orders to his chief clerk."

Locke's lips set hard.

He could hardly blame himself for having fallen into such a trap. Great  
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as he knew the power of the tong to be, he had not suspected that a member of the tong was in Mr. Wun's service. He could not have guessed that the man in charge of Mr. Wun's long in the city was a "Red Dragon" tong man. He had walked unsuspectingly into the snare that treachery had spread for his feet.

He knew now, why Mr. Pong had been so anxious that Wun Lung should accompany him. Had Locke given way on that point, the merchant's son would now be in the power of his enemy.

And it was a consolation to the Baker Street detective to know that, whatever happened to him, Wun Lung was still safe with the Greyfriars party on board the Silver Star.

The mandarin selected a cigarette, and lighted it, and puffed out smoke with an air of quiet enjoyment.

"May I offer you a cigarette, Mr. Locke?" he asked politely.

"Thank you, no."

"You do not care to smoke a last cigarette before you say farewell for ever to the pleasures of this world?"

"I would point out to you, Mr. Tang Wang, that you are not in your own city of Pan-shan now!" said Ferrers Locke quietly. "Here, in Victoria City, Hong Kong, you are under the British flag—and the British police. If harm comes to me in your house, you will be hanged like a dog!"

"But who will know?" asked the mandarin gently.

Locke did not answer.

He knew that he was at the yellow villain's mercy. No one would know, no one could suspect, that he had ever entered the walls of Tang Wang's house on the Peak.

Mr. Pong and the coolies knew, but they were the faithful servants of the tong. No one else knew, or could know.

Tang Wang laughed lightly.

"Come, Mr. Locke, let us talk sensibly," he said. "At the lifting of my finger, you die; and your body disappears under the lake in my garden. If the English know, they would hang me like a coolie—me, a mandarin, and descendant of the Mings! But will they know, my honourable friend?"

Locke stood silent.

Many times had Ferrers Locke looked on death; and now he knew that it was very near. But not a muscle in the calm face quivered.

Something like reluctant admiration came in the gleaming, ruthless, black eyes of the Chinaman.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Locke," he said. "I have heard much of you, and I esteem you. I would willingly spare so brave a man. And you will guess on what terms I will spare you. The merchant, Wun Chung Lung, has defied the power of the Red Dragon. For that, his son must die! Many attempts have been made, and you have defeated them all. Now you are in my power. Across half the world, my agents have dogged you, and struck and struck again; and each time you have won. It was reserved for me to deal with you—and I have not failed!"

"Well?"

"The tong demanded three thousand taels of Mr. Wun, as the price of his son's life!" said Tang Wang. "With every day that has passed, the price has risen. Mr. Wun is now called upon to pay twenty thousand silver shoes."

"He will refuse."

"Not when his son is in my hands."

"His son is not in your hands."

"I think you will send for him," said the mandarin softly. "I think you will send a written letter to the yacht, bidding Wun Lung come ashore with

your messenger. Would he not obey such a letter?"

"He would."

"And you will write it."

Locke's lips curled contemptuously.

"You will not write it to-day," smiled the mandarin, "but perhaps you will write to-morrow."

"Neither to-day, to-morrow, or any day."

"Only the gods know the future," said Tang Wang. "Yet I think that to-morrow you will write the letter. For after you have passed a day and a night in my lake, up to your neck in water, I think you will be in a mood to take orders."

His cold, cruel eyes watched the detective's face keenly as he spoke. But there was no sign of emotion in Ferrers Locke's face, which might have been carved in stone.

"Speak!" said Tang Wang.

Locke shrugged his shoulders.

"I have little to say," he answered. "Release me, and I will pardon you for this outrage. That is all! But only on condition that you swear by Kwan, to leave Mr. Wun and his family in peace."

The mandarin's eyes blazed for a moment. Then he laughed.

"They say that the English never know when they are beaten," he said. "That is their great strength—and, perhaps, their weakness, too! You are helpless, at my mercy; and you talk like a lord of the earth! I am not in haste—this affair is but a small matter to me! To-morrow I will talk again with you."

He clapped his hands.

Two Chinamen entered the ko-tang. At a sign from the mandarin, they grasped the bound detective by the arms and led him away.

(Continued on next page.)

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OF  
THE  
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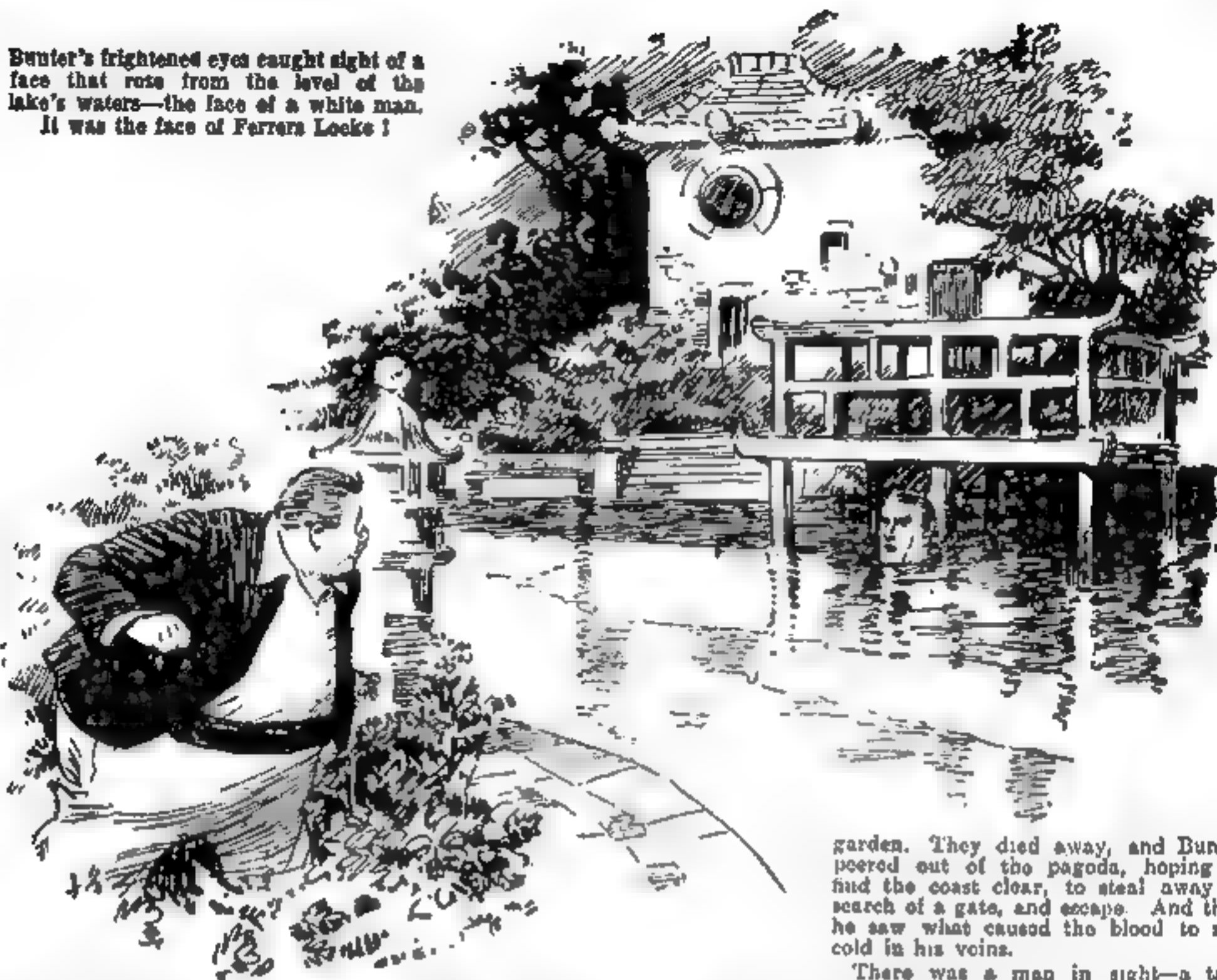
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YOU  
MUST  
NOT  
MISS  
IT!



Bunter's frightened eyes caught sight of a face that rose from the level of the lake's waters—the face of a white man. It was the face of Ferrers Locke!



Tang Wang followed

Ferrers Locke walked between the two Chinese through several rooms and passages, till they reached a door on the garden.

He was led into the garden under the bright sun that streamed down on flowers and grass and trees, and on the gleaming lake. His conductors followed a path towards the lake, and stopped at the bridge.

Close by the bridge was a little wooden pier projecting into the water. Tang Wang spoke a few words in Chinese, and Locke was taken along the pier.

There he was lifted over the edge, into the water.

His face was white now, but still perfectly calm, and he spoke no word. He sank in the water to his neck. Then, as his feet settled on the bottom, the water rose over his chin, and covered his lips. Only by throwing his head back, and stretching his chin, could he breathe.

A rope was passed round him, binding him with his back to the end of the pier.

Then the two Chinese glided away and disappeared.

Tang Wang stood on the pier, looking down at the detective. For some moments he was silent, staring. Then he spoke.

"I think you will write that letter to-morrow, Mr. Locke," he said softly.

Locke heard his footsteps recede.

He was left alone in the spacious garden.

Silence and stillness lay round him, save for the faint lap of the water. No living thing appeared in his sight. The mandarin, probably, had given orders that no one should enter the

garden. At all events, the detective was left in complete solitude.

The water lapped over his chin. The muscles of his neck were strained, as he held his head back and his chin up. For the present it was only discomfort. In an hour it would be torture. And after many hours—

Locke shivered.

After many hours the torture would be unendurable. He would welcome death as a release from it. Would he weaken? Would he cry out for release, as he knew that his merciless enemy expected? Never that! But the alternative was death—to drown like a dog when he could bear the torture no longer! And it was borne in upon the mind of Ferrers Locke that this was the end of his career—that he had come to the mysterious land of China to die unseen, unknown, unavenged—the victim of a mandarin whom he had defeated so often, but who had, at long last, defeated him and doomed him.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Mouse and the Lion!

"H errikey!" groaned Billy Bunter.

The fat junior's heart stood still.

Crouching in the shadowy interior of the pagoda, he trembled from head to foot.

The Owl of the Remove had wondered, apprehensively, to what Chinaman the garden might belong, and what sort of a Chinaman he might be, and what would happen if the Chinaman found him there. And now he knew!

There had been footsteps in the

garden. They died away, and Bunter peered out of the pagoda, hoping to find the coast clear, to steal away in search of a gate, and escape. And then he saw what caused the blood to run cold in his veins.

There was a man in sight—a tall, well-built Chinaman, walking slowly in flowing robes. He fanned himself gently as he walked, and smiled. But it was such a smile as might have wrinkled the visage of a tiger in the jungle. Bunter gave the face one startled, terrified blink, and then backed hurriedly into the deepest shadows of the pagoda. For he had recognised the man who was coming up the path from the lake—recognised him as the Chinaman who had watched the Silver Star, from his sampan, the previous day, when the yacht had glided into the harbour of Hong Kong. It was the Mandarin Tang Wang.

Bunter's fat heart died within him.

It was Tang Wang! That was where his reckless venture had landed him—in the garden of Tang Wang, the enemy of the Greyfriars party, the chief of the Red Dragon tong!

And Tang Wang was coming up the path from the lake to the pagoda! His footsteps came nearer and nearer.

Terror seemed to chain Bunter and keep him motionless. Had the mandarin seen him? Did Tang Wang know that he was there? Bunter suppressed a groan of sheer horror. He stared round wildly. There was a staircase, but he dared not mount it. The mandarin would see him as he came in. Near at hand was a tall, lacquered screen, before which stood some strange figures, and Bunter dodged behind the screen. He stood there with palpitating heart.

The doorway was darkened by a tall figure; the mandarin entered.

Bunter hardly breathed.

The screen was not solid, part of it was of open filigree work, and through



the interstices, Bunter could see the burly mandarin against the light. He crouched low.

Obviously, Tang Wang did not know that anyone was there. He came directly towards the screen, each footfall a death knell to Bunter's ears. - But he stopped before the screen, and there was silence.

Through one of the slits in the screen Bunter could partly see him. He was bowing to the ground, and the bewildered fat junior wondered why. Then he realised that the ivory figures on the other side of the screen must be some sort of Chinese gods, and that the mandarin was paying them his respects. Thrice the mandarin kow-towed to the ground before his gods, and then he began to speak in Chinese. A pungent odour came to Bunter's fat nose. Tang Wang had lighted incense-sticks, and they were burning in honour of his gods.

Then there were footfalls again. Bunking through a slit in the lacquered screen, Bunter saw the mandarin depart.

He gasped with relief.

Silence followed.

Billy Bunter wiped the streaming perspiration from his face. He was still undiscovered, though it was certain that Tang Wang would have cut him to pieces had he been aware that a "foreign devil" had watched him at his devotions. Tang Wang had been returning thanks to his heathen gods for delivering an enemy into his power—the enemy whom he had doomed to cruel torture. And he departed, never dreaming that the pagoda had been tenanted by any but his gods.

Bunter moved at last.

At any risk, he had to get out of this! The sight of Tang Wang had fairly curdled his blood.

He crept to the doorway and peered out. The gardens lay silent and deserted in the sunshine. The trees cut off the house from sight. Tang Wang was not to be seen; he had returned to the house. Bunter stood in the doorway, watching, straining his eyes behind his big spectacles, before he ventured out. To get back to the wall where he had entered, climb it, and escape—that was his only thought. Probably the coolies had long gone; but, in any case, he had to risk the coolies. Ten thousand angry coolies would not have scared him as the Mandarin Tang Wang scared him.

And then, as Bunter watched, he became aware that he was not alone in the garden. His frightened eyes, roving to and fro, caught sight of a face—a face that rose from the level of the lake's waters, at the end of the little pier—the face of a white man.

Bunter stared at it, transfixed.

It was the face of Ferrers Locke!

The fat junior's eyes distended behind his spectacles in utter amazement.

Ferrers Locke—within a score feet of him! Ferrers Locke, bound to the pier, his chin barely above the water!

Bunter wondered whether he was dreaming.

"Oh crumbs!" he gasped.

For long minutes Bunter stood there within the pagoda, staring. A gust of wind from the distant mountains of China stirred and rippled the lake, and the water washed over the lips of the bound detective. Bunter saw him gasping for breath when the water sank level again.

That, doubtless, would be Bunter's

fate if he was caught! Every nerve in the fat junior's body urged him to flight. The garden was deserted, the way was clear; but any moment might reveal an enemy. Bunter's fat legs almost walked away with him.

But he made an effort. Screwing up his courage to the sticking-point, Bunter hurried out of the pagoda, and ran to the pier in the lake.

Ferrers Locke had fallen into the hands of the mandarin! He was a helpless prisoner, doomed to death! Bunter could not flee and leave him to it—even Bunter!

He reached the detective, and gasped:

"Mr. Locke!"

Ferrers Locke gave a violent start.

He had given up hope.

He wondered whether his senses were leaving him when he heard the voice of Billy Bunter.

"Mr. Locke! I—I say, it—it's me—Bunter!" gasped the Owl of the Remove.

"Bunter!"

### ANOTHER READER WINS DANDY PENKNIFE!



Teacher: "If I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him, what virtue should I be showing?"

Pupil: "Brotherly love, sir!"

Sent in by Raymond Barnett,  
2, Tunnel Hill, Astwood Road,  
Worcester.

"Yes! I say—"

Only for a second was Ferrers Locke shaken. The next he was the cool and composed detective of Baker Street. His voice was calm, as if he was chatting in the saloon of the Silver Star, as he spoke again.

"Have you a knife, Bunter?"

"Oh! Yes!"

"Cut me loose—quick!"

Bunter groped in his pockets for his pocket-knife. He did not remember which pocket it was in, and he tried all the wrong pockets first. But he found it at last, and opened it.

"Haste!" whispered the detective.

Bunter did not need telling to hasten. He blinked over his shoulder, and set to work in a great hurry. The blade sawed through the cord that fastened Ferrers Locke to the pier.

Locke said no word.

He was amazed, astounded, by Bunter's presence in the garden of Tang Wang. But how Bunter had come there mattered nothing for the moment. What mattered was to escape before a

swarm of the mandarin's followers discovered them and cut off escape.

In a couple of minutes Locke was free from the pier.

"Hold me!" He spoke quietly. "My arms are bound."

Bunter held to his collar and pulled. Locke sprawled half-over the edge of the pier. Bunter sawed at the cords wound and bound round him, and they fell apart.

Ferrers Locke dragged himself lightly from the water.

He rose to his feet, cast one swift glance round him, and grasped Bunter by the arm.

"Come!"

Bunter panted along by his side. In a few seconds they were hidden from sight in a grove of small trees.

"Now," said Locke, "how did you enter? We may get out the same way. I have no doubt all the gates are guarded."

Bunter breathlessly explained.

"Come!"

A couple of minutes, and they had reached the wall where Bunter had clambered over to escape the coolies. Ferrers Locke swung the fat junior up the tree, and Bunter grasped the tiled top of the wall.

He rolled over, hung on, and dropped into the path outside. Ferrers Locke clambered up in his turn.

There was a shout from the garden.

Three or four Chinamen came running through the flowering bushes, shouting as they ran. Locke looked back. He had been seen!

Bam!

A bullet whistled over the detective's head as he swung himself over the wall, and dropped in the road beside Bunter.

"Run!" he said quietly.

"Oh crikey!"

With Locke's grasp on his arm helping him, the fat junior ran as he had seldom run before. Behind them sounded shouts and yells of alarm, and another and another shot rang out. There was cause for alarm, for now that Ferrers Locke was free, there was little safety for the Mandarin Tang Wang within the limits of the British territory of Hong Kong.

But if there was pursuit, Locke and Bunter saw nothing of it. Locke knew the way well, and in ten minutes they reached a stopping-place of the cable cars in time to board a car going downhill. Bunter sank back into his seat with a gasp of relief, and wiped streaming perspiration from his fat face.

"Oh lor'!" he gasped.

Locke in his drenched clothes, Bunter in his crimson summerbund, attracted quite a lot of attention from the other passengers. The car rattled down the hilly road, bearing them into the safety of the crowded city. And already, from his luxurious house on the Peak, the Mandarin Tang Wang was fleeing—fleeing from Hong Kong before the grasp of justice could be laid on him.

Harry Wharton & Co., on board the Silver Star, wondered what delayed Ferrers Locke, and what had become of Billy Bunter. But among their many surmises, they did not surmise that the fatuous fat junior had saved Ferrers Locke from a death-trap in Hong Kong.

THE END.

(Who says another thrilling yarn like the one you've just read? All of you! Well, then, look out for: "GREY. FRIARS CHUMS IN CHINA!" the next yarn in this novel new series. It's simply stunning!)





# Come Into the Office, Boys!

Have your Editor be pleased to answer questions and discuss topics of general interest. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

**T**HERE'S quite a large pile of letters on my desk this morning, so I think the best thing I can do is to start answering them without delay. The first one comes from a chum who has forgotten to put his name and address on his letter. However, the envelope was postmarked "Worthing," so I assume that my chum lives there (Of course, he might be on holiday. He asks me to give him the address of a boxing club which he can join, but, as I am not sure where he lives, I can't very well answer his letter. It would be useless for me to give him the address of a London club, wouldn't it? Will this reader write to me again, and give me his name and address, when I will write to him direct.

By the way, it is impossible for me to answer queries the same week as I receive them, because the *Magnet* goes to press some time before it eventually finds its way into your hands. So when an urgent reply is required, a stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed, and I will try to send an answer by return of post.

The fact that we go to press so early accounts for some of my answers to queries being out of date occasionally. For instance, in a recent reply I mentioned Vic Huxley, the speedway rider, doing four laps at Wembley in 79 seconds. By the time it appeared in print

## ANOTHER SPEEDWAY DEMON

had broken Vic's record and set up another. One of my Yorkshire chums—J. Barron, of Halifax—tells me that Squib Burton holds the track record in his locality, having done four laps in 1 minute 20 seconds. But it is impossible to compare different riders, because the length of the track varies at different speedways. Jack Ormston has put up the fastest time for the quarter mile in this country. He did it at a speed of 47.23 miles per hour!

**T**HE next letter this week comes from F. G. Dunn, of Romford, who asks for

## A FEW TIPS ON EDITING.

He has just been made editor of his school magazine, and he thinks I might be able to help him. Of course, a lot depends on what sort of a magazine it is. But my chum should get hold of a number of contributors with a keen sense of humour, for the more humour there is in a school magazine, the better it will be received. He should avoid anything "stodgy" and should prevail on as many people as possible to send in articles and stories. If there is a boy at school who can write light verse, on the style of our "Greyfriars Correspondents," this is sure to be a popular feature.

In fact, my chum can't do better than model his paper on the lines of "The Greyfriars Herald." Keep it bright and sparkling, and be bang up-to-date with such things as sport features. Articles

on hobbies are always interesting, and it's a good idea to offer a little prize for the best contribution. If there are any boys at his school who have travelled a lot, they should be asked to write up their adventures. The best advice I can give to an amateur editor is to keep his paper as different as possible from other papers. Do not try to imitate professional papers, but seek to give your magazine an individuality which will be all its own.

Having got that off my chest let's have a laugh at the following joke which has won for F. G. Taylor, of 32, St. Paul Street, Delaton, E.8, a topping Sheffield steel penknife. Here it is.



The Police Commissioner was interviewing an applicant for a position in the police force.

"If you were ordered to disperse a mob what would you do?" he asked.

"Pass the hat round, sir!" replied the applicant promptly.



A chum of mine who lives in Glasgow, and who signs himself "Inquirer," writes to me to say that

## HE WANTS TO JOIN THE NAVY.

and would like to know what the rig of a bluejacket is. The ordinary uniform is the familiar blue serge affair, with a jumper jacket, and wide, bell-bottomed trousers. The collar is of light blue jeans with three rows of white tape, and the neck is open, showing a white flannel. This is the uniform of the seaman branch, but there are other branches, such as cooks, stewards, clerks, sick-bay attendants, and so on. These wear single-breasted coats with black buttons. The double-breasted coats with brass buttons are only worn by officers and chief petty officers.

A boy can enter the Navy at the age of fourteen and a half, and so long as he is physically fit, and has an ordinary education, he has no examinations to pass in order to become a ship's boy. But he must pass examinations to become an able seaman, a leading seaman, a petty officer, or a chief petty officer, while, if he is really a go-ahead youngster, there is nothing to prevent him from eventually becoming an officer.

Boys in the Navy have to attend school where they are trained not only technically, but in ordinary educational subjects. My chum should apply at the nearest Naval recruiting office for full particulars. He can obtain the address from his neighbouring post-office.

The same reader wants to know of

## A CURE FOR BLUSHING.

There is only one cure, and that is to get rid of self-consciousness. Blushing and being shy comes from a sense of inferiority, which is a great drawback to any boy.

Put yourself together, chum, and say you are as good as anyone else—and you'll soon find that shyness will desert you!

**A** VERY interesting letter comes from K. G., of Scotland who wants to hear more about Ogilvy of the Remove in our stories. I have mentioned this to Frank Richards, and doubtless my chum will get his desire granted in the near future.

"Mr. K" has dealt with the next query, which comes from J. T. Harvey, of Brighton, and concerns

## THE INDIAN BASKET TRICK.

A boy is placed in a basket the lid is closed and padlocked, and then several swords are plunged through it. But the boy comes out again scathless. In this case the side of the basket which is farthest away from the audience is a trick side, and this falls back on a hinge, allowing the boy to roll out of the basket on the far side while the swords are being plunged into it. Then, when the swords are withdrawn, the boy rolls back into the basket—and pops up smiling when it is opened!

Here are two rapid-fire replies:—

## A STAMP QUERY!

("Philatelist," of Cobh): The first stamp issued bearing the likeness of a Pope was a 1929 Charity stamp, issued in Spain in aid of funds for the exploration of the catacombs at Rome. In the same year the stamps of the Vatican State were

## FREE LANTERN LECTURES.

(John Murphy, of Liverpool): Various firms lend lantern slides for the purpose of lectures. You should write to the Press Bureau, 55, Broadway, S.W.1, for particulars.

I'm just about at the end of my space now, so I'll pass on this Greyfriars Limerick which has been sent in by M. Murray, of 26, Marine Crescent, Clontarf, Dublin, who gets a *Magnet* pocket wallet for it:

Two hounders named Skinner and Sheep,  
With Stoll form a "scandalous" group.  
They not only try  
To smoke and to lie;  
But to gambling these slackers will stoop!

And now to next week's programme. You'll find Frank Richards well at the top of his form in:

## "GREYFRIARS CHUMS IN CHINA!"

which is the title of the long complete yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. There's fun in this story as well as thrills, and when you've read it you'll vote it one of the best that this prolific writer has ever given you. So don't miss it, whatever you do!

Are you still enjoying our great War serial: "THE FLYING SPY"? There will be another gripping instalment of it next week, and the author has put his very best into it. And let me mention while we're on the subject of serials that John Brearley, whose sparkling serial yarn, "The Test Match Hope," proved so popular in busily engaged writing another sporting story for you chaps. This is a treat that will follow on the heels of the present serial.

You'll chuckle at the "Greyfriars Herald" supplement next week, and also at our special rhymester's contribution, and there will also be another interesting footer talk by "Old Red," jolly and umaricka, and my usual weekly chat.

YOUR EDITOR.

Do it  
Now!

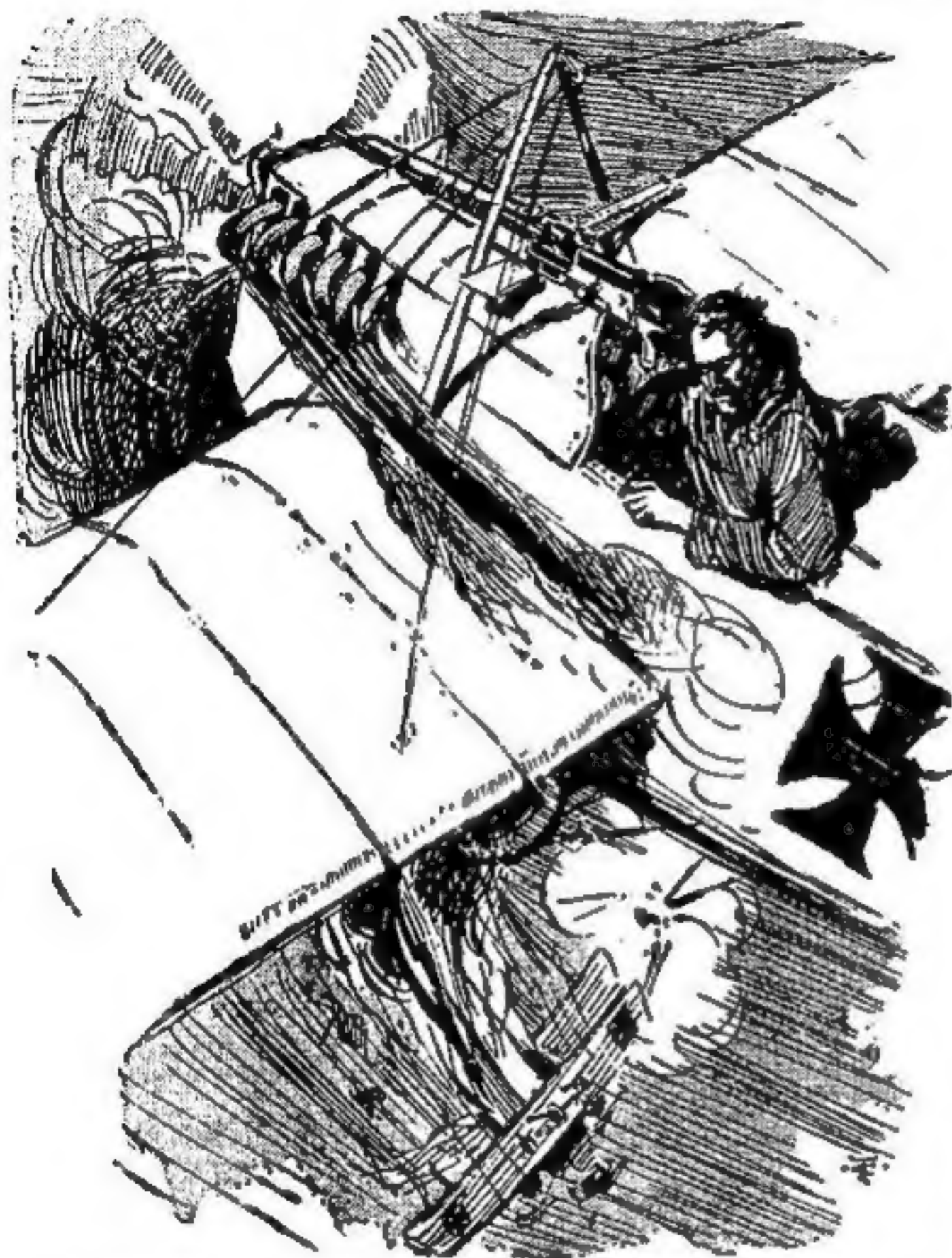
Send along your Joke or your Greyfriars Limerick or both and win our useful prizes of leather pocket wallets and Sheffield steel penknives. All efforts to be sent to: c/o "Magnet," 5, Ourwell Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).



# THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

(INTRODUCTION ON PAGE 27.)



Hunted by Allied airmen—  
Hunted by German airmen—  
Guy Tempest, British to the  
backbone, fights a lone battle  
with the odds heavily against  
him!

"I am not accusing you of stealing my aeroplane!" shouted the baron. "I have come here to tell you that it's gone, and I believe the dog who has taken it is none other than that accursed traitor, Guido von Sturm!"

"What?" gasped the commandante. He stood as though petrified, eyes goggling, mouth agape.

"I am certain I am right!" went on the baron excitedly. "When I first met him I thought he was Guido von Sturm!"

For a long moment Commandante Ozwarte stared at him. Then deliberately he placed his razor on the washstand, and as deliberately wiped his face with a towel.

"Now," he said heavily, dabbing with the towel at the cut on his face, "I will hear the details of this. You say you met the fellow. Where did you meet him, and how did you allow him to steal your machine?"

"I met him in a cafe in the Ladenstrasse," began the baron. "He introduced himself as the Lieutenant Felbe—"

"In other words," cut in the commandante unpleasantly, "you allowed this fellow—a total stranger to yourself, I take it?—to get into conversation with you in a filthy, third-rate cafe. Very nice—very nice indeed! Pray continue!"

"Von Arn, Larm, and Zobel were there," said the baron, flushing. "They will corroborate what I say. This fellow claimed to have met me at Karlsruhe. His face was vaguely familiar, and, as he was alone, we allowed him to join our party."

"Oh, so you allowed him to join your party, eh? Better and better! Proceed!"

"I resent your tone, Herr Commandante!" said the baron sharply.

"It appears to me," retorted Commandante Ozwarte, "that you are not in a position to resent anything! Will you kindly continue?"

"Our conversation," proceeded Baron Karlmann, "eventually turned on the speed and power of my Silberkugel scout. This Lieutenant Felbe expressed a wish to see the machine."

"So you agreed to show him it," sneered the commandante. "Yes, I begin to understand now."

"I am endeavouring," said the baron, his voice quivering with suppressed passion, "to bear in mind the rank you hold. But I warn you I will not tolerate your tone much longer."

"You will tolerate it," rapped the commandante, "just as long as I like. Get on with what you have to say!"

As Von Arn climbed, a fifth Albatross went plunging earthwards, engulfed in blood-red flame and black, eddying smoke!

## The Return of the Silberkugel!

**C**OMMANDANTE OZWARTE, officer in charge of Saarbrücken Aerodrome, had but newly arisen, and was in the act of shaving when the door of his room was thrown violently open and the Baron Karlmann dashed in.

"Herr Commandante—" gasped the baron.

Commandante Ozwarte faced him furiously, blood welling from a cut caused by the sudden startling entry.

"Donner und blitz!" he exploded. "What the devil do you mean by rushing in here in that manner?"

"But, Herr Commandante—"

"I will not have it!" thundered the commandante, who was blessed with an almost exaggerated sense of his own importance, and who, into the bargain,

cordially detested the baron. "Do you hear? I will not have it! As Commandante of Saarbrücken Aerodrome, I demand the right to be permitted to shave in peace and privacy!"

"But my machine has been stolen!" shouted the baron angrily.

"Well, what has that got to do with me?" demanded the commandante, gesticulating excitedly with his razor. "I haven't stolen it!"

He was warming rapidly to his theme, his wrathful, lathered visage presenting a unique colour scheme in mottled crimson and white.

"I take this as a deliberate insult!" he thundered. "Here is dawn almost at hand—I am shaving—I have the bombers to get off to Ouchy—and you have the colossal impertinence to come bouncing in here, accusing me of stealing your wretched aeroplane!"



With an obvious effort the baron kept himself under control.

"The fellow accompanied me to the aerodrome," he said. "He expressed a doubt as to the efficiency of the machine's engine ignition. I had a mechanic swing the propeller, and, before I realized what was happening, Felbe had swung himself into the cockpit. Before any of us could stop him he gave the machine open throttle and took off!"

"Well, and what do you want me to do?" demanded Commandante Orwarte.

"All aerodromes and anti-aircraft batteries must be warned to keep a look-out for the machine," said the baron. "I tell you I suspect the thief of being that infamous traitor, Guido von Sturm!"

"But that is impossible!" exclaimed the commandante. "Von Sturm, the cursed rat, has joined the Englanders, and—"

A sudden roar of powerful aero engines out on the aerodrome cut in on his words. Simultaneously the lanky, leather-clad form of Squadron-Leader Nurren appeared in the open doorway.

"The squadron is ready to take off for Ouchy, Herr Commandante!" he said, rigid at the salute.

"Yes, yes," responded Commandante Orwarte, reaching for his tunic. "Very good! I will see the machines off, Hauptmann Nurren!"

"But what about my stolen scout?" interjected Baron Karlmann angrily. "This is a matter which brooks of no delay—"

"And do you think, you stupid fool," snarled the commandante, "that the dispatching of the bombers to Ouchy brooks of delay? I will deal with your affair later!"

Baron Karlmann stepped back.

"Very good!" he said stiffly.

Struggling into his tunic, and buttoning it with clumsy fingers, Commandante Orwarte strode from the room, followed by Squadron-Leader Nurren.

Out on the aerodrome, in the grey light of early morning, stood ten Albatross bombers, engines ticking over. Pilots and observers were already in their cockpits.

"You have your orders, Herr Hauptmann?" said the commandante, turning to Nurren.

"Yes, Herr Commandante."

"You will bomb from a height of twelve thousand feet," went on Commandante Orwarte; "if visibility permits. If visibility is bad, you will bomb from the highest altitude conducive to accuracy. Should you be attacked on your way to the line, you will—bearing in mind the high explosive you carry—use your own discretion as to whether you fight or seek safety in the clouds."

"Very good, Herr Commandante!"

Commandante Orwarte held out his hand.

"Good-bye, then, Nurren," he said, "and good luck!"

Squadron-Leader Nurren took the outstretched hand in a brief, firm grasp. Then, stepping back, he saluted smartly, turned on his heel, and walked towards his machine.

Reaching it, he swung himself up into the cockpit. Drawing on his flying gloves, he snapped down his goggles, and his fingers closed on the throttle.

The drone of the quietly-running engine deepened to a thunderous, pulsating roar, a roar which merged with and was lost in the deafening, reverberating thunder of the

squadron's engines as each pilot opened up his throttle.

Suddenly Nurren's hand whipped up. In response to the signal the waiting mechanics pulled away the checks from in front of the tyred wheels of the under-carriages.

Gathering impetus, the squadron swept forward across the aerodrome. The ground swirled past faster and faster until it became but a greyish blur. Then, as tails came up and control-sticks were eased back, the squadron soared into the air in a long, upward climb.

At two hundred feet they wheeled, to circle once over the hangars before swinging westwards towards the line.

And as they did so there came hurtling down upon them from out of the mists of morning the black Silberkugel scout of Baron Karlmann.

With engine thundering at full revolutions, and wind shrieking madly through flying wires and struts, it tore down on the Albatross squadron, its synchronised gun ablaze.

### Over Saarbrücken!

**S**TRAIGHT through the formation hurled the black scout, holding its screaming dive until it was less than fifty feet above the ground. Then back came its control-stick, and it soared up and up in a wild zoom, to roll and dive again with snarling gun aflame.

So suddenly, and with such savage ruthlessness, had come the attack, that the Albatrosses were thrown into momentary confusion.

But the German pilots were no fledglings. They were men who had won their spurs in many a desperate fight above the battle smoke of the Western Front. And now, with the instinct of the fighting pilot, they broke formation.

Control-sticks were whipped forward, and the Albatrosses tore earthwards, gathering in a few moments the requisite speed to take them soaring up into the grey of early morning in a zoom which would bring them flattening out above this madman, who was flying the Baron Karlmann's stolen scout.

Two of the Albatrosses, however, failed to pull out of that dive.

The pilot of one, his spine chattered by a burst of bullets, slumped forward over his controls. His machine dropped its nose, and, thundering earthwards with propeller whirling at full revolutions, crashed on the aerodrome below in a welter of splintering wood and riven fabric.

The other Albatross fell away out of the fight, with rudder and tail plane shot to ribbons, and with its grim-faced pilot striving desperately to pull out of what, in his heart, he knew to be the death spin.

But, as though to make certain of its prey, the black Silberkugel scout swung wildly on its dive and tore in at him again, bullets from its blazing gun ripping through wings and fuselage.

The German pilot turned his head, his face gray with the knowledge of the

death which was so close. He had a vision of a bare-headed boy crouched over the controls of the oncoming scout; then came sudden eternal blackness as a burst of bullets tore through him.

But, to avenge their two comrades, to wipe out this madman who, single-handed, had dared to attack their formation, the Albatrosses were now thundering down on the scout, the gloved fingers of the pilots curled round the triggers of their synchronised guns.

It was Nurren who led the formation of the attack, his thin, firm lips drawn into a tight, cruel line; his eyes blazing behind their goggles.

But, darting and twisting like a hawk, the swift little scout pulled clear of that solid wedge of blazing guns tearing down upon it, and went boring up into the grey sky of morning.

With a sharp wing turn, it wheeled and roared down again on the Albatross formation.

Ah, the suicidal madness of that dive when the way of escape lay open!

But, crouched over the controls in the cockpit of the Silberkugel scout, Guy Tempest was grimly determined to fight to the last cartridge.

Outcast though he was, he would strike at least one shrewd blow for England. And if he went under—well, who would care—who would mourn?

Breaking formation, the Albatrosses wheeled, and, with noses up, turned to meet the Silberkugel scout. Above the tumultuous, deafening roar of aero engines sounded the spitting snarl of blazing guns as they converged on the black machine hurtling down towards them.

On the aerodrome below, Commandante Orwarte was stamping and raving like a man possessed.

"There is your stolen scout, curse you!" he screamed, gripping the Baron Karlmann by the arm and pointing upwards with shaking hand. "Donner und blut! But there will be a reckoning for this! Someone will be broken by the High Command—"

"Yes, you for ignoring my warning!" snarled Karlmann, wrenching his arm from the other's grasp. "I told you, you stupid fool, that it was Guido von Sturm who had stolen my machine."

"You did not!" swore Orwarte, with an oath. "You merely said that you suspected the thief might be that cursed traitor. You don't know even now if it is Von Sturm in the cockpit of your scout."

Baron Karlmann laughed harshly.

"Who else but he?" he jeered. "Who else can fight like that, you blockhead? Look, rot you—look! There goes another of our Albatrosses down in flames!"

Bellowing and shouting like a maniac, Orwarte turned and ran for the hangars, in front of which mechanics and pilots were watching the fight.

"Every available machine will take the air at once!" he roared. "Stir yourselves, curse you! Donner und blitzen! What are you standing gaping there for, you pigs!"

"Hauptmann Nurren will not require assistance, Herr Commandante," said Von Arn, who, roused from his bed by the fight, was standing on the terrace clad only in greatcoat over his pyjamas.

"Silence!" raved Orwarte. "How dare you argue with me, you dog! Take the air at once, or I shall put you under instant arrest!"

Flushing dully, Von Arn turned to the nearest mechanics.

"Wheel my machine out

### THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Having forced the truth from Dr. Eckhoff, his guardian, that he is of British birth, Guy Tempest, hitherto known as Von Sturm, Germany's most brilliant aviator, reaches the British lines with a paper containing information of the most vital importance to England. Securing allegiance to England, Guy is given a commission in the British Royal Air Force. Fearing the consequences, Dr. Eckhoff, who is chief of the German Secret Service, orders Pedlar Zor, a famous German spy, to get rid of Guy. The spy is caught in Guy's quarters, and places Guy in a cruelly false position by claiming him as a friend and confederate. Determined to clear his name Guy makes a break for freedom and flies over the German lines, where he hoodwinks Baron Karlmann, a German War ace, and obtains possession of a fast Silberkugel scout, bearing the German identification mark of the Iron Cross.

(Now read on.)



immediately!" he rapped. Then, to the Lieutenant Larm who was standing by: "Nurzen will be most flattered by the Herr Commandante's opinion of the courage and capabilities of his squadron in the air."

"Insolence!" raved Oswarte. "Insolence most foul! When you land, you will consider yourself under arrest!"

Von Arn laughed, and, buttoning his greatcoat close about him, swung himself up into the cockpit of his Fokker scout, which the eager mechanics had wheeled from the hangar.

He switched on, and, as a mechanic swung on the propeller, the engine roared into life, and the machine swept forward to take the air in a steep, upward climb.

Crouched over his controls, and minus goggles and helmet, Von Arn took stock of the battle being fought out overhead.

Already four of the Albatrosses had been shot down by the pilot of the Silberkugel scout, who appeared to be as yet unscathed. And as Von Arn climbed he saw a fifth Albatross come plunging earthwards out of the fight, engulfed in blood-red flame and black, eddying smoke.

The whole fight from its commencement had not lasted six minutes, and already the madman in the cockpit of the Silberkugel had shot down five Albatrosses. His machine, darting, swerving, and diving, with the swiftness of a hawk, presented a small and elusive target to the double-seater Albatrosses which, by their very numbers, had presented an easy prey for his blazing gun.

But to get him—no matter what the cost—Nurzen was determined.

His haggard features grimed with oil and powder, his thin lips drawn back in vicious snarl, he wheeled his machine and drove in towards the black scout, which, with lurid gun flame, was thundering down again on the reeling and scattered remnants of the Albatross formation.

Suddenly the Silberkugel flattened out—its gun ceased to fire and, pulling a swift wing turn, it thundered away towards the east.

So unexpected and unlooked for was this amazing withdrawal from the fight that the German pilots were momentarily bewildered. Then wheeling their machines, and led by Nurzen and Von Arn, they roared eastwards in pursuit.

But pursuit was hopeless, for as Baron Karlmann had said, the Silberkugel was faster than either Albatross or Fokker.

Some fifteen minutes later the pursuing machines gave up the chase, and turning, winged their way wearily back to Saarbrücker Aerodrome.

"Ah, the coward!" stormed Commandante Oswarte to Nurzen, as the

Karlmann swears the pilot of that scout is Guido von Sturm. What do you think? Were you ever close enough to identify him?"

Nurzen halted.

"I never had a clear view of his face," he said gratingly, "but there is only one fighting pilot like that on the Western Front. You can inform the High Command that Guido von Sturm has returned to Germany!"

Forty kilometres east of Saarbrücken was the German No. 4 School of Aerial Fighting, and it was here that Guy Tempest landed less than half an hour after pulling out of the fight with the Albatrosses.

It was petrol he wanted.

In landing at No. 4 School of Aerial Fighting, however, he considered himself reasonably safe provided that it was possible for him to take off again within a few minutes. The Albatrosses could scarcely yet have arrived at Saarbrücken and, until they did, Commandante Oswarte would naturally not send out word to other aerodromes and anti-aircraft batteries to keep a lookout for the Silberkugel scout which might, for all he knew to the contrary, have been shot down by the Albatrosses.

And when eventually Commandante Oswarte did send out warning it would first have to be transmitted to the High Command and General Headquarters and from there re-transmitted to the various aerodromes, anti-aircraft batteries, and military units.

All that would take time. So, while realising that danger might exist, but risking that it could do so at the moment, Guy landed and taxied in towards the hangars of the School of Aerial Fighting. Would he be detained?

(Guy Tempest looks like having a very warm time of it before he reaches Berlin, doesn't he? But you'll find him fully prepared for all emergencies. Don't miss next week's concluding instalment of this great War serial, chum!)

## ANOTHER POCKET WALLET

goes to:

John Tingey, 87, Forest Road, Edmonton, N.9, who submitted the following clever Greyfriars limerick:

Dorset Locke is a clever old  
Beak;

Quite a marvel at Latin and  
Greek.

He's kind; but he's stern

To those who won't learn:

As a master, he's simply  
unique!

Have you sent in a limerick yet?  
If not, why not?

latter vacated his cockpit after landing. "To have run like that! You would have got him in the end—he know it—so he ran!"

"You are wrong!" retorted Nurzen harshly. "He was no coward. He ran out of cartridges—that was why he pulled out of the fight."

Brusquely he pushed past the commandante and strode towards the hangars.

"Here—wait!" Commandante Oswarte ran after him and grasped him by a leather-clad arm. "That fool

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FISHIER T. FISH. Study 14.

October 4th, 1830.

**DEAD RATS WANTED!**  
We want plenty dead rats. We going to make lovely lat pie for handsome Bob Onelly.—WOM LUNG, Study 13.

**WILL THE THIEF**  
who stole about a dozen of Claude McKel's gramophone records yesterday evening kindly call at this study at once, as there are 51 more waiting for him.—JAMES HOBSON, Study 5, Shell Passage.

**"PECCOLIAR QUELCHY  
REK WESTS" PROVED WRONG**

## BUNTER'S WIN

Dear Editor,



Now, boys," said he, "the words huge and vast each mean exactly the same thing. Specious, huge, of great size. Hunter, gives us a sentence using the words huge and vast."

"This was easy. No fellow—not even Hunter—could have made a mistake with such a simple task. The words meant exactly the same thing, and all that was necessary was to wangle them into a sentence."

But we didn't know our Hunter. "Et—or," he murmured, "A man went into a huge forest and saw a vast animal."

"No shrieked! And the expression that came over Quincey's face was simply terrific. If Hunter had said: 'A man went into a vast forest and saw a huge animal,' it all would have been well. Doubtless Quincey had said that the words meant exactly the same thing, but the Owl considered it wouldn't matter a hoot in which order he used them."

When the laughter died down, Quincey said that there was a difference in the meanings of the two words, and proceeded to explain it. He had been proved wrong by Billy Hunter of all people! Brave, Hunter!

**OBITUARY.**

Heret James Coker, late of the Fifth Form, will die on Wednesday next at about a clock in the afternoon. He is going out on his motor bike to break the speed record to Courfield.

**RET IN PEACE!**

From his sorrowing and devoted family, Potter and Greene.

# OBITUARY.

Heracle James Coker, late of the Fifth Form, will die on Wednesday next at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He is going out on his motor-bike to break the speed record to Cardiff.

REST IN PEACE!

From his sorrowing and devoted  
 children, Potter and Greene.